freshmen

march '97

new and improved for greater stimulation!

red hot!

03
48225
0 218587 3
$5.95 USA
$7.50 CAN

JERK-OFF WITH ME!

011 683 9326

Int'l L.D.

HOT HORNY GUYS

1 268 404 7404

Int'l L.D.

FREE CALL 1 888 DICK-LINE

ONLY **49¢** 1/2 min.

1-900-JERK-OFF

49¢ 1/2 min. $2.99 1st min.

Must be 18+. Prices subject to change
©1997 Elegant Communications

Go ahead and take your pick.
Any way you'll get a good lick.

1-800
777
LICK
5 4 2 5

1-800
999
MALE
6 2 5 3

ONLY
99¢
PER MINUTE

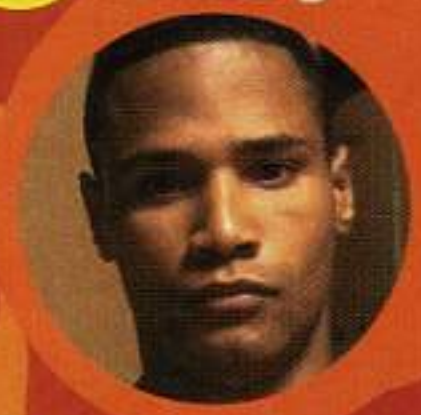
1-800
444
HUNG
4 8 6 4

$3.99 connection charge, 99c per minute. Charges will appear on your bill as Silver City Communications. Prices subject to change without notice. Must be 18 years of age or older.

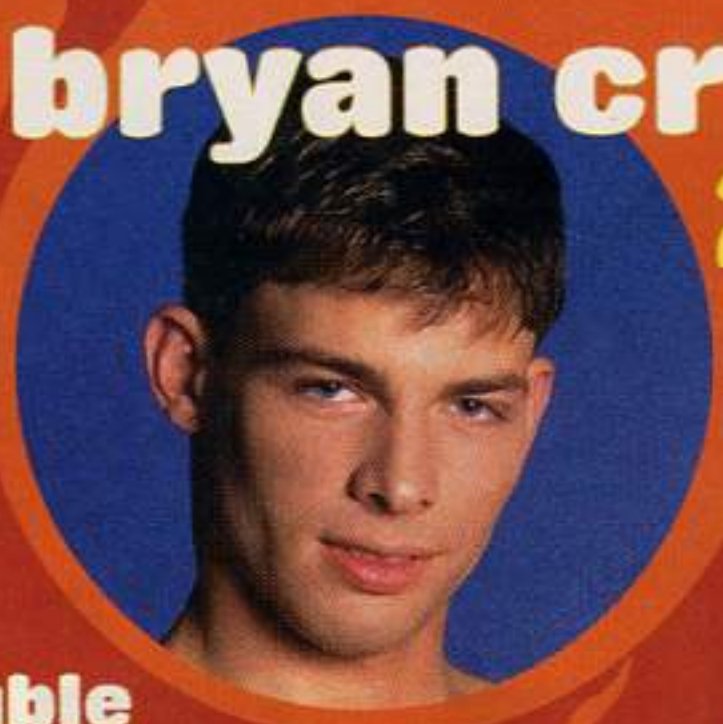
march 1997

freshmen

8 robby



bryan cruz
28



features:

4 love notes
22 fixations
25 teach me
40 dream date
58 web wank
72 straight boys in trouble

fiction:

16 18: up and running
52 on my own

kip lang
61

christian poulin
44

For subscriptions, renewals, gift subscriptions, back issues, or address changes, call toll-free

FRESHMEN

(800) 827-0561

Mon.–Fri. 7:30 a.m.–10 p.m. Central time
VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

FRESHMEN P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356 • **Advertising Dept.:** (213) 468-1910; fax (213) 466-5371 • **Editorial/Art Dept.:** (213) 468-1919

FRESHMEN (ISSN 1060-5266) is published monthly by SU, 6922 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1000, Los Angeles, CA 90028. Periodicals postage paid at Los Angeles, Calif., and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **FRESHMEN**, P.O. Box 591, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0591. Subscription rates: one year (12 issues), $54; two years (24 issues), $104. Yearly subscription rates outside U.S.: $60, payable in U.S. funds. Single copies of back issues are available at $5.95 plus $2.50 postage and handling, prepaid in U.S. funds only. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, and photographs. All rights in letters, manuscripts, drawings, or photographs sent to **FRESHMEN** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to **FRESHMEN**'s right to edit and comment editorially. All models are at least 18 years of age. All photographs are posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs nor the editorial matter nor quotations accompanying such photographs are to be construed as indicative of that person's sexual orientation, conduct, personality, or actual quotation. The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257(a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 C.F.R., Chapter 1, Part 75, since all of such material falls within the exempted material set forth in either § 75.1(a)(1-3) or § 75.1(b) of the pertinent regulations. Nothing appearing in **FRESHMEN** may be reprinted, either in whole or in part, without written permission. **FRESHMEN** assumes no responsibility for the advertisements or any representations made therein or the quality and deliverability of the products themselves. **FRESHMEN** assumes no responsibility to determine whether the persons whose photographs or statements appear in such advertisements have, in fact, endorsed such products or consented to the use of their name or photographs or to statements attributed to them.

FRESHMEN is a registered trademark of SU © 1997 by SU. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. **PRINTED IN U.S.A.**

ONLY
99¢
PER MINUTE
1-800
8
8
8
6
M
3
E
6
N
6
N
Play with me!
Master Card
VISA
$3.99 connection charge, 99¢ per minute.
Charges will appear on your bill as S.M.A. Services.
Prices subject to change without notice.
Must be 18 years of age or older.

Love notes

Alterior motives

I'm amazed, stunned, tickled pink, and horny as hell! What a vision of beauty you had gracing the cover of the December 1996 *FRESHMEN*! Serkan Altan is a god to whom we, the loyal readers of this wonderful publication, should build a shrine. Each turn of the page yielded nothing less than absolute perfection. He has that boyish charm mixed with full-grown masculinity—not to mention a cute and very edible ass. Is that a baseball bat between his legs, or am I in heaven? At any rate, the photographer must have wept for joy while composing the most beautiful photo essay I've ever seen!

F.C.
Charlottesville, Va.

[That could explain all those spots on the contact sheets.—Ed.]

The Altimate

The quote in December's issue from G.D. of Houston ("Mark my words: This boy will be your 1996 Freshman of the Year!") is a gross understatement. Serkan Altan is more like Freshman of the Century! As soon as I hit the pages of his layout, my vital juices started to flow. Even when I'm alone and think about him, I become erect and at times even spot my nylon underpants when I think about going down on his sweet meat. I'll let you know when you print a guy I think is better.

D.E.
Tucson, Ariz.

[Nylon underpants, you say?—Ed.]

Big Mack attack

Many thanks for the chance to check out Mack Reynolds [December 1996] again. It's great to see a studly boy maturing into a sexy, darkly handsome man. The kid-next-door face has found its strong underlying bone structure, the innocent eyes now flash a dangerous mix of intelligence and lust that is causing my imagination to run amok, and the body lives up to its earlier promise: genuine hunk.

J.S.
Alger, Mich.

[Hey, let me send you my picture. Then you'll really *run amok, trust me.* —Ed.]

Serkan Altan December 1996
KEEFER/STUDIO 1435

He's Interactive!

Just tell him what to do...

All you need is a PC and modem! Our interactive computer *Dream Team*
will open an entire new world for exploration.
Type in a message and watch as he responds to even your most intimate questions.
Ask him to strip for you. Have him flex his muscles and caress his fine body.
In full motion, full color and in real time. *You* make the rules!
Call for ***FREE*** software or visit our website to download our software.
Start enjoying it now! Call **1-800-333-2825**

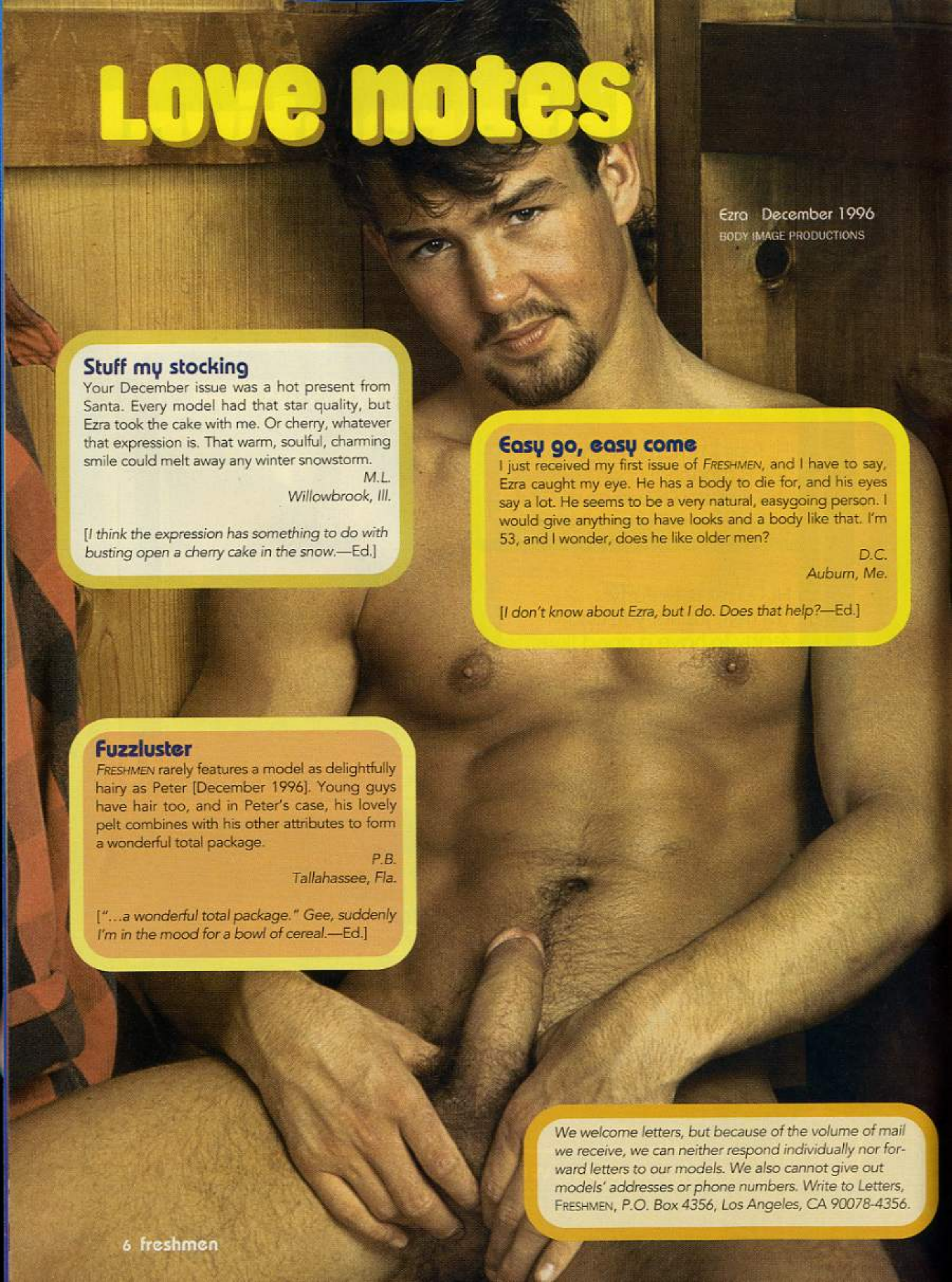
Must be 18 years of age or older.

T3 VIDEO

Visit our website at

http://www.wettdreams.com

Love notes



Stuff my stocking

Your December issue was a hot present from Santa. Every model had that star quality, but Ezra took the cake with me. Or cherry, whatever that expression is. That warm, soulful, charming smile could melt away any winter snowstorm.

M.L.
Willowbrook, Ill.

[*I think the expression has something to do with busting open a cherry cake in the snow.*—Ed.]

Easy go, easy come

I just received my first issue of *FRESHMEN*, and I have to say, Ezra caught my eye. He has a body to die for, and his eyes say a lot. He seems to be a very natural, easygoing person. I would give anything to have looks and a body like that. I'm 53, and I wonder, does he like older men?

D.C.
Auburn, Me.

[*I don't know about Ezra, but I do. Does that help?*—Ed.]

Fuzzluster

FRESHMEN rarely features a model as delightfully hairy as Peter [December 1996]. Young guys have hair too, and in Peter's case, his lovely pelt combines with his other attributes to form a wonderful total package.

P.B.
Tallahassee, Fla.

[*"...a wonderful total package." Gee, suddenly I'm in the mood for a bowl of cereal.*—Ed.]

We welcome letters, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to Letters, FRESHMEN, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356.

TEN HUT!

REAL MEN WAITING TO PLAN SEX MANEUVERS WITH YOU!

Lick my boots, Private!

ONLY 99¢ PER MINUTE

1-800 666-LICK
5 4 2 5

ALSO TRY...

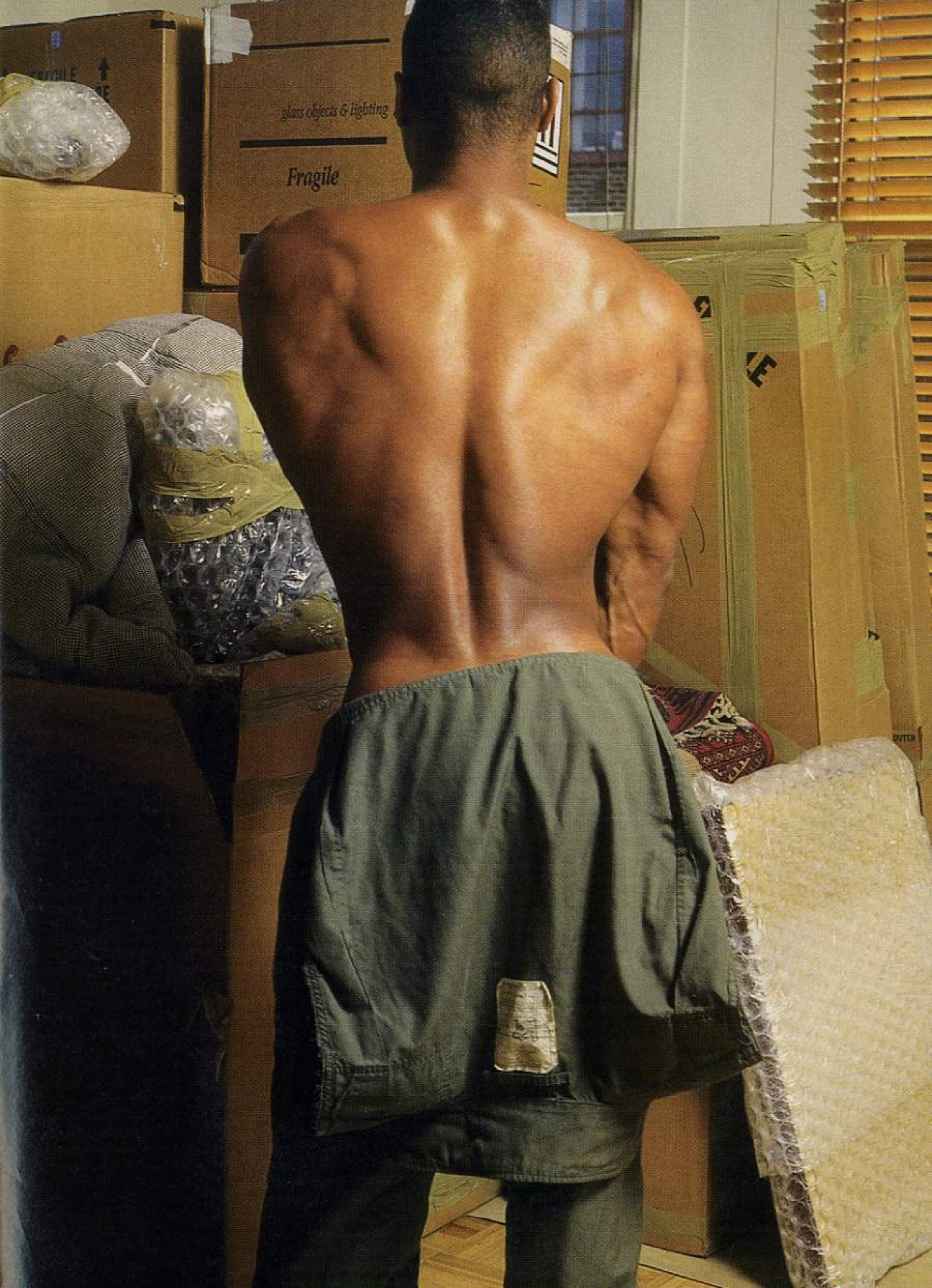
1-800 753-MOAN
6 6 2 6

MasterCard VISA

$3.99 for the first minute, 99 cents for each additional minute.
Charges will appear on your MC or VISA bill as S.M.A. Services.
Prices subject to change without notice. Must be 18 years of age or older.

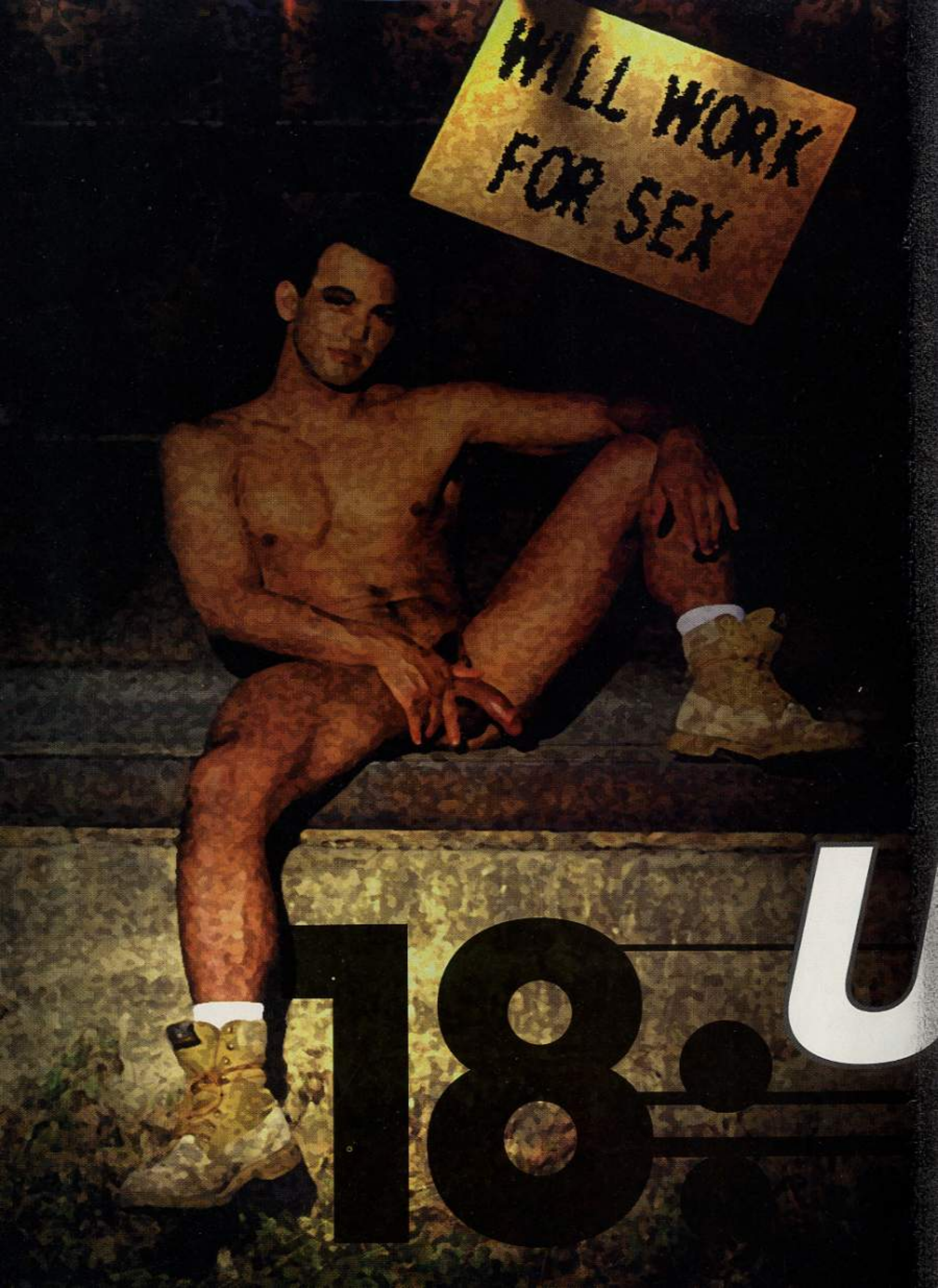
movin' man

Model: Robby Photography: J.P. Studios


glass objects & lighting
Fragile

FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE

FRAGILE
DLE WITH CARE


WILL WORK
FOR SEX
18

Pad running

by Phil Cole

It was the icing on the cake of what had been a banner birthday: I discovered that night that I could suck my own cock. I decided as I lay there with the taste of my come in my mouth that it was my present to myself. Eighteen. Fucking finally! I wasn't aware of it at the time, but among the thousands of things I could get away with today that I couldn't get away with yesterday was posing—full frontal nudity with hard-on—for porn magazines. And, even better, appearing as an active, enthusiastic participant in fuck flicks. To engage in these activities yesterday would have put myself as well as those who employed me at risk of prosecution by tightassed little pricks. Today the wretched little cretins could take a flying fuck. I was also unaware that as I perfected my skill at autofellatio, I was, in actuality, in training for these and related activities. The regimen was, therefore, instructive as well as enjoyable.

I was built for it. I began to bulk out soon after, but by then that was all to the good, and the suppleness required for the contortions was second nature to me. At 18 I was a beanpole. Sticking straight up to a height of six feet, I almost disappeared when I turned sideways—unless, of course, I had a hard-on. When it was positioned at a right angle to my body, it was 11 inches ahead of the rest of me. It could make significant progress into Pacific standard while I lagged behind in Mountain time. It was, in short (ha-ha!), the perfect length for the job. That I didn't discover this before I went to bed on my 18th birthday, I've refused to berate myself about. Water under the bridge, no regrets, get on with life.

That night, as I lay there—wanking, as usual—that song that Peggy Lee sings to perfection ran through my head: *Something, something, something—is that all there is?* The next thing I knew, my legs were raising up over my head, and as my toes touched the headboard, they got a grip on it. They became prehensile. Some gene that wanted me to suck my cock reached back over millennia to my ape ancestors. With my toes keeping my legs in position and my hands pushing on my ass, all it took was a slight tilt of my head. My mouth, as you might expect,

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: BEC; SOURCE PHOTO: KEEFER/STUDIO 1435

was wide open. My cock slid in there—two, four, then six inches. The head was tickling the back of my throat. I sucked, I came, I swallowed. That was the only problem the first few times: I got myself so excited, I came in about ten seconds. I got that under control in a few days, and that was the end of wanking—at least in the privacy of my own room. I did sometimes have to wank—probably eight or ten times a day in those years—but when the urge came on, I wasn't always somewhere close enough to be able to get back to the privacy of my room before that urge overpowered me. Autofellatio is well-nigh impossible in a john stall in your average high school, and if I can't do it, nobody can. If you got them to take the toilet out, I could manage it, but what kind of an explanation for the toilet's removal is any self-respecting high school principal going to take at face value from an 18-year-old with satyr's eyes, a disgusting leer on his face, and a huge and visibly pulsating bulge in his jeans?

Another reason I was able to perfect my ability was that I was so fucking shy. I wasn't bad-looking. I was, however, thoroughly ashamed of my beanpole build. All the classmates I lusted after were athletes. All of them had bodies I would have killed for. But, judging from shower and locker-room surveillance, none of them had a cock as big as mine. I'd catch them looking at it. *Penis envy* was a term I wouldn't hear until a couple of years down the road, and even then, when I first heard it, I misunderstood the gender to which it applied—understandably, I think. When guys looked at my cock and then looked away quickly, I thought they were averting their gaze from what they considered an awful aberration. Ha! Another term I hadn't heard yet was *size queen*. What a waste. I could have had half of them on their knees and begging for it just by twitching it up a notch from soft, but no: I begged it to look a little more like theirs—except in the privacy of my own room, of course. There my cock was king. I bent myself double every night and most mornings to pay homage.

It wasn't long after I discovered I could suck my cock that I discovered the dildo. A store opened down near the waterfront: Back-Alley Adult. The town fathers went ballistic. Editorials and letters to the editor abounded. Luckily for us "adults," the Constitution prevailed, the furor died down, and the last of the pickets put their outraged signs in the cellar and tried to think of somebody else to persecute. Armed with my ID, I became a regular visitor—a valued customer, if the smile on his face was any indication as the proprietor rang up yet another of my purchases. Lord, some of the guys in those mags had dicks even bigger than mine. And the things they did with them! One day I arrived at BAA and found a new department: toys. There on the counter was the dead ringer for the 12-inch cock I'd seen Mad Max sticking up his ass in the August issue of *I'm Coming, How About You?* Seven full-color photos depicted its progress, and the look on Mad Max's face depicted his obvious delight. In fact, that look overcame any consumer resistance I might have been harboring. The dildo went home with me, wrapped up to look like anything but a 12-inch dildo. It spent its off-hours way in the back of the bottom drawer of my dresser, under a lot of grungy stuff people wouldn't even think of touching. I did write a note on the box as an additional safeguard: "Patricide and especially matricide have been recognized in some instances and in all 50 states as justifiable. Touch this parcel at your peril." I thought it was to the point and in no way ambiguous.

The first time I tried it, I couldn't help thinking that the assessment of Max's madness was right on. It just wouldn't go there. With my dick in my mouth (this was after I'd learned how to keep it there, love it to death, and not come till I was ready), I slowly started to insert Billy (the name of my most–lusted-after classmate) up my ass. Billy's cock, though I'd never seen it hard, I was sure couldn't hold a candle to the dildo, but since I'd been buying porn mags, I'd come to realize that that had nothing to do with anything, that the fantasy was all that mattered, that it really was darling Billy who was trying to fuck me. Well, fuck

Tristram went down on me in the locker room.

Billy—he couldn't perform. I'm sure that if Billy had really been there, he'd have said that I was the problem, and then I'd have had to agree and go all weepy and apologetic. Something was the problem, that was for sure.

Anyway, I removed Billy, sucked myself bone-dry, and fell into an exhausted sleep. Billy spent the night ignominiously on the floor, where, because he was on the other side of the bed (thank God!), my mother didn't see him when she stuck her head in the door in the morning to announce the impending doom of school.

I finally got it right, but who has the right to think that an 18-year-old virgin would have heard anything about lubricant? Stick it in there and get fucking, right? Wrong. I was having very mixed feelings about Billy, which he may or may not have noticed when I glared at him in algebra class. It was during another foray to BAA that I came upon some tubes and bottles. Their labels trumpeted ecstasies theretofore unknown to humankind—if applied liberally: "Many users have reported unexpected tingling sensations that have driven them to distraction!" said one, the exclamation point at the end apparently either winky innuendo about whatever it was going to do to you if you put it on yourself where recommended (not specified) or a paean to themselves for having gotten all that whiz-bang stuff into one two-ounce bottle for only $89.95. The proprietor, a genial elf with steel-rimmed glasses and a wispy beard, sidled up to me.

"Forget all that stuff," he told me. "Brylcreem's the thing. You know, 'a little dab'll do ya.' Only with Master, that thing you bought the other day, I'd stretch it to eight or ten dabs, just to be on the safe side. Got a tube right over here, $1.49 plus tax." He studied me over the glasses. "Maybe next size up, $2.98. You name it—I aim to please."

Mr. Wiggins should have been the one pulling down the salary of sex-ed teacher at that high school.

I want to tell you, it was wonderful. Went in there, went in there, w-e-e-ent in there. That was before I knew I had a prostate. Billy knew; Billy was right on target. Billy had real-looking balls attached to his nonbusiness end, and just as they touched my ass cheeks, I shot a load down my throat that may well have been my record up to then. *Wh-o-o-of!* Billy didn't have many off-hours after that. Billy became my constant companion, tucked away in my backpack, out of the way of parental discovery and subsequent dismay and tearing of hair: "My son, my son, where did we go wrong?"—that sort of thing. Well, I guess if they hadn't been straight, I might not be here, know what I mean? Poor darlings.

One thing you can do besides just wank in a john stall in your average high school is fuck yourself. People probably wondered why I'd just smile inscrutably when they told me to go fuck myself after we'd had some petty difference of opinion. I took them up on it, positively goaded them into saying it. As if I needed an excuse. I wonder why, in the lexicon of epithetical abuse, there isn't the phrase, "Oh, go suck your cock." It is, after all, more feasible than fucking yourself—unless, of course, you've got a Billy in your backpack. Then it's moot. And until they take that toilet out, you have to go with the flow.

As I think I've mentioned, I was terribly shy, driven to self-denigration by my beanpole build and what I was convinced—despite all evidence to the contrary in *I'm Coming, How About You?* and other drooled-over publications—was my grossly humongous cock. I wanted it, but it never occurred to me that anyone else might. Until Tristram came along. The day Tristram came along was a banner day on a par with the banner day when I reached the ripe old age of 18. Tristram came along from Akron, signed on at our high school, and went down on me that very afternoon. It must have been preordained, and I want to tell you, it was wonderful. Tristram's going down on me beat the pants off: (a) my going down on me; (b) my going down on me with Billy up my ass, real-looking balls pressed right into me; and (c) *definitely* my wanking in the john or any other venue of necessity when the urge overpowered me.

As it happened, Tristram went down on me in the locker room. It was at 4:17 p.m., and it set my life off on a course that had been unimaginable to me until then. Tristram was gorgeous—still is. The ostensible reason he was in the locker room that afternoon was to stow his gear. He'd just signed on to the wrestling team. Among other gear he was stowing were a couple of jockstraps I was tempted to yank out of his hands and drape over my face. This was nothing new. I'd been stealing jockstraps out of lockers and draping them over my face ever since I could remember. It was the prelude to a wank. One time I was inhaling the fragrances of seven jockstraps when I shot my load up and heard it sizzle as it hit a lightbulb on the ceiling. Fucking bulb exploded. I can be dangerous to have around.

By some superb bit of fate, they'd assigned Tristram the locker right next to mine. He took one long look at my cock and immediately started to take his clothes off. Mine were already off, which was how he got that one long look at my cock. He was still looking at it when it started to get hard. God, was he gorgeous: big blond fucker, shoulders out to here, swirly blond hair around pointy nipples, fuzzy golden legs, tan-lined ass...to fucking die for. Buck naked, he sat down on the bench and stared at my cock, watched it come to full combat readiness as he stroked his own. He looked up at me questioningly. I looked down at him, old satyr eyes. He slid down the bench toward me, stopped a foot away from it. I could feel his breath on it. His hands came up to my ass, and he pulled me toward him. He gently kissed the head, then looked up at me.

"Wow, man. Beautiful. I've never seen a cock that big. It's so beautiful."

Still looking up at me, he opened his mouth and started to suck. His hands clenched my ass and pulled me into him. He did it very slowly, almost reverently. I ran my hands through tousled blond hair, then down to hold hard, flexed shoulders. I didn't move my body; he did all the work while I looked down at the first person ever, other than me, to suck my cock. He did it slowly, but I was rapidly losing it. I felt the sensation building, then I was holding his head with both hands, and then, just as he put his finger up my ass, I delivered, spasm after spasm. I held on to his head and pumped and went away somewhere else and wonder even now if I've ever really come all the way back. I must have come back partway, because I distinctly remember feeling his hot come on my leg.

I held on to his head and pumped.

After that Tristram couldn't get enough of my cock, and my cock couldn't get enough of Tristram. Billy languished in his drawer. If Tristram liked my cock in his mouth, he loved it up his ass. We did it everywhere: john stalls, probably every one in the whole school; the shower; the privacy of my room; the privacy of his room; and, best of all, the back room of BAA. Mr. Wiggins was nothing if not enterprising. Guys came from miles around to watch me fuck Tristram and cheer me on as I sucked my own cock, cheer

us both on as I sucked my cock and Tristram fucked me. Billy was history.

That was why, when the casting call came, I decided I was up to it. The publishers of *I'm Coming, How About You?* branched out, went into videos. From the willingness of guys to pay Mr. Wiggins (out of which proceeds Tristram and I got a cut) to watch us perform, I came to realize that my cock was an asset, not the liability I had long considered it. With Tristram's example and help, I was gradually becoming more visible when I turned sideways, bulking up very nicely. I had biceps you could get a grip on, pecs I could actually flex when you wanted to get a grip on them. So when the December issue hit the stands and I saw WANTED! HUNKS! MUST BE ABLE TO PERFORM, AND THAT MEANS A HARD-ON—THE BIGGER, THE BETTER! and, in smaller print, the details about where and when, I decided to see if that was where my future maybe lay. It helped that Wiggy said, "I'll hate to lose you, boy, but go for it. I don't want nobody sayin' I stood in your way." Very nice of him, since he stood to lose a few hundred bucks a week in voyeur fees if I moved on. Tristram passed, said if his father ever found out, it would mean castration. I argued that in degree of magnitude, it was just a step up from what he'd been doing at BAA. He said that a national audience was many degrees of magnitude up from eight or nine guys from Hattonburg sneaking in the back door at BAA to get their rocks off, no cameras allowed.

came around in front of me, looking me up and down. I felt his hand close over my cock, his thumb rubbing the head. I looked down just as he unzipped and hauled out—*hauled* is the only word—a huge cock. He ran it up next to mine, and I could see it was at least two inches longer. This guy was bigger than I was. Christ! He was bigger than Billy!

He moved into me, put an arm around me, and planted a very wet kiss on my mouth. Tristram and I had this down to a science. I opened my mouth and went after his tongue, reached around him and grabbed big, muscular ass cheeks, really worked my hands into them as I ground myself into him. This went on for a couple of minutes, and then he backed off.

"OK, so you're no slouch in that department. Very important. Now let's see if you can suck cock. Guys who buy these videos don't like it when a big, butch star plays coy when it comes to goin' down. You'll never take it all, but let's see what you can do. Show us how much you love suckin' dick."

No, I didn't take it all. If I ever want to commit suicide, I'll call him up and tell him I want to take it all, I'll be right over, I have this death wish, and I want to wink out with 13 inches suffocating me. But I took a lot of it—enough of it—and with an expertise that surprised him in one so young. In two minutes he was pumping come down my throat and making strange strangled noises, holding my head in a viselike grip. He was up on the balls of his feet, leaning into me, holding

I opened my mouth and went after his tongue.

So two days after I graduated, Billy in my backpack and a totally implausible story implanted in my parents' heads, I was off to Hollywood. What Wiggy had been paying me didn't get me there first-class, but it got me there, including a room and a bus ride to the audition. MGM it was not. It was a long, long bus ride to the second floor of a building in a strip mall that looked like Beirut.

The auditioner gave me a quick once-over.

"How big is it?"

"Six soft, 11 hard."

"Can you keep it hard?"

"It's hard a lot more of the time than it's soft." Boy, did I latch on quick to the repartee of the film industry.

"Show me."

This was not a problem. Just talking about it gets it hard. Talking about it with this hunk got it harder. He looked to be in his late 20s and bulged out of his tight jeans and T-shirt. I was quickly getting used to the fact that his head was shaved.

I got up, unzipped, and whipped it out. It didn't betray me; it stood proudly tall. He leaned across the desk toward it. It jumped.

"Nice, very fucking nice. Let's see the rest of you."

So there I was, naked in Hollywood. He got up from the desk and walked around me. He put his hand on my ass and seemed to be satisfied there was no incipient sag. Then he my head and pumping. I couldn't look up, but I'll bet his head was thrown back, his face one big grimace. I knew what I was doing.

He finally let go of my head and eased out. He shook all over a couple of times like a wet dog, then sat back down in his chair. He didn't put his cock back in his pants. It wasn't hard, but it was still very impressive.

"OK, OK, OK, kid. Maybe we got somethin' here. Got any other tricks?"

I reached into my backpack bag of tricks and found Billy nestled in there with some dirty Jockeys and the Brylcreem tube. I lubed Billy, then lay down on the floor and raised my legs over my head and felt my toes grab the edge of his desk. As I slowly inserted six inches of my cock into my mouth, I slowly inserted Billy up my ass. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his head appear over the edge of the desk. Then I heard his chair scrape back, and then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw him frantically undressing. Then he was down on all fours, skittering around me to observe. I felt his mouth on my cock and balls. Then he was on his feet behind me. He pulled Billy out of me.

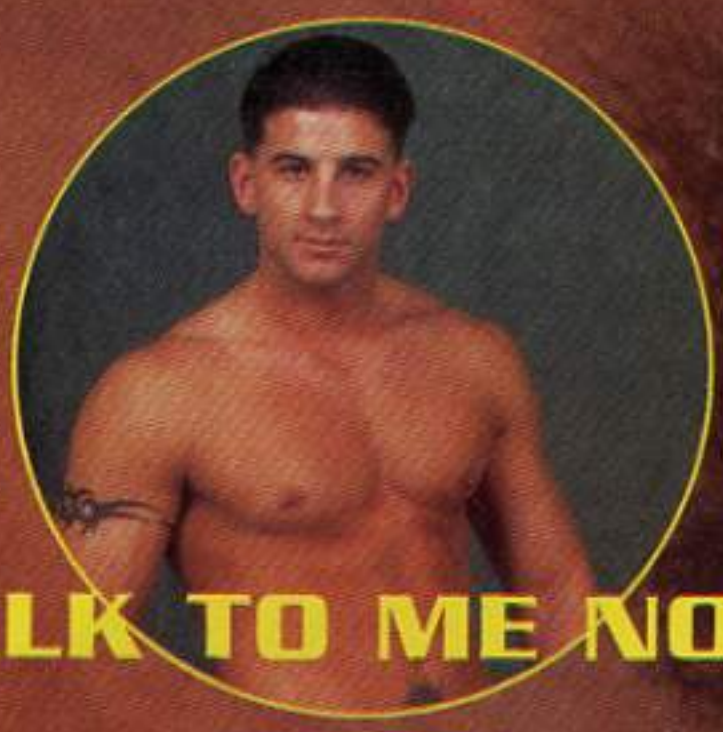
"Hey, man, we got better equipment than this prop. We got the real thing."

This time I took it all. I didn't have much choice, really, but if this was dying, I was all for it. ●

Total Digital Audio TDA

1-800 ANAL-MEN

PUT YOUR DICK IN MY ASS...



ALL LINES ONLY 49¢ PER MIN

TALK TO ME NOW...

1-800 BOY-TALK

VISA MasterCard

49¢ PER MIN. + ACCESS FEE. 18+

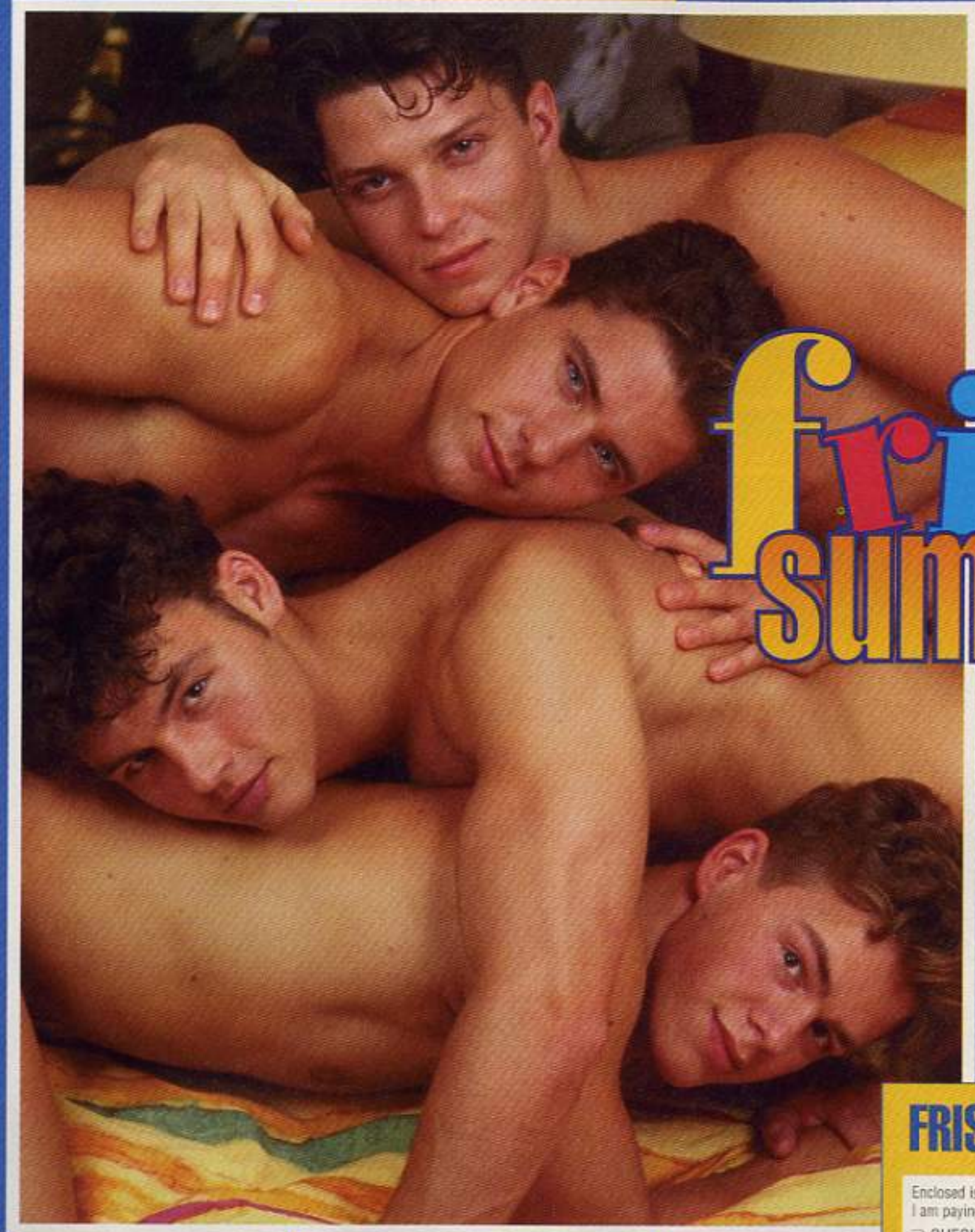
Fixations

treasure trails

In case you lose your way, there's an easy path to follow to get where you're going. Don't be afraid to linger and enjoy the journey. Happy trails to you.

Bel Ami™
PHOTO & VIDEO

Presents



frisky summer 2

Summer again... Sun-drenched bodies, the hot smell of sex in the air, unrestrained passion and pure joy...

PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY
GEORGE DUROY

FILMED ON LOCATION IN AUSTRIA, PORTUGAL AND CZECH REPUBLIC.

Starring Lukas Ridgeston, Ion Davidov, Erik Kovac, Dano Sulik, and introducing Sebastian Bonnet, Julian Armanis, Max Pellion

FRISKY SUMMER 2 $69.95 Plus $5 shipping & handling

A 90-minute feature-length film **PLUS – P.S. BEL AMI VIDEO MAGAZINE - No. 1.** 30 minutes of erotic documentary footage shot on location in Portugal. Included is an interview with Lukas Ridgeston, candid shots of the actors, and selected excerpts from still photo shoots. This two-hour video available exclusively through Bel Ami mail order. Not available in retail stores.

Running Time: Approximately 120 minutes
All models are over 18 years of age. Proof on file.

Enclosed is $69.95 plus $5.00 S&H (CA. residents add 7.25% sales tax)
I am paying by:

❑ CHECK ❑ MONEY ORDER ❑ VISA ❑ MC Exp.Date _____

Account # _____

Phone (required for C.C. orders) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

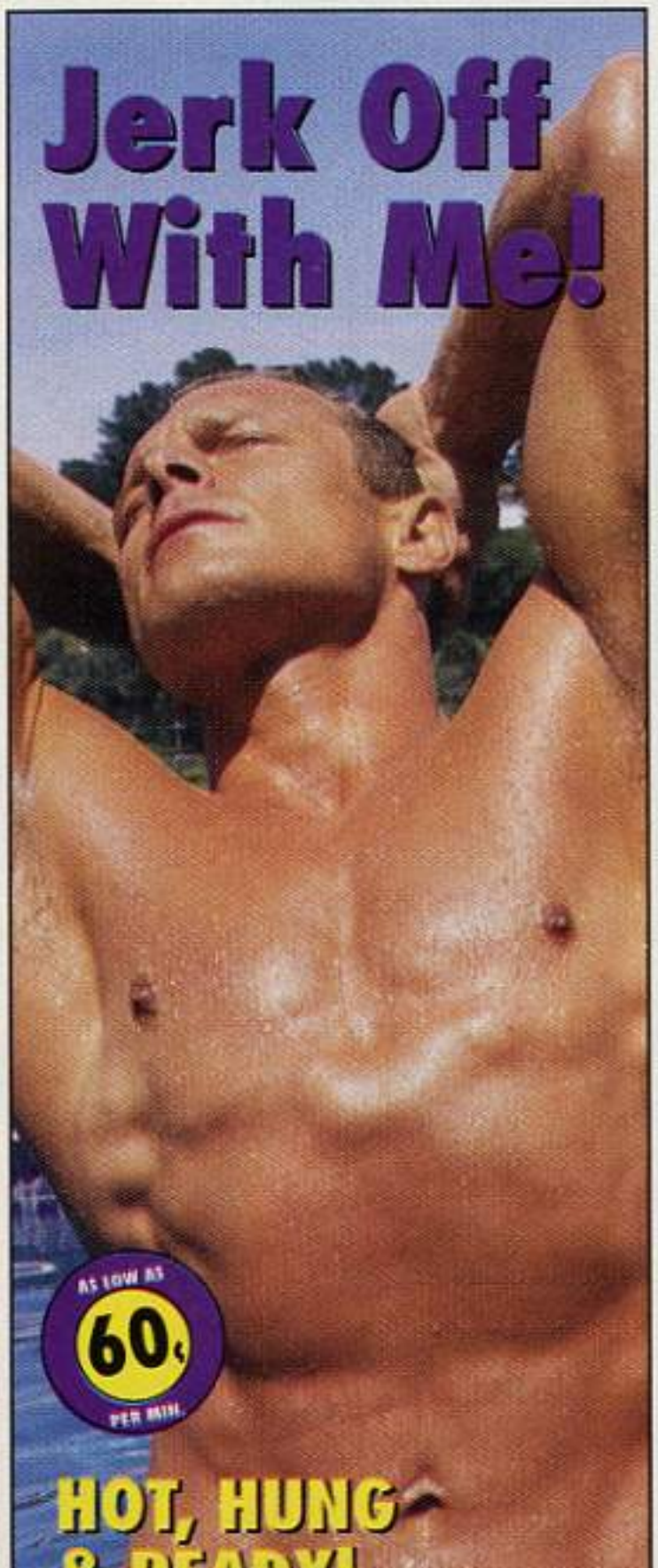
State _____ Zip _____

SIGNATURE _____

Under penalties of perjury and as verified by my signature, I solemnly declare and affirm:
1. I am an adult of at least 21 years of age.
2. I am ordering this material for myself and for my own private interests, and not ordering it to use against the sender or any person in any manner whatsoever.
3. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector, or member of any censorship group.
4. I warrant that sexually-explicit publications, films, videos and materials are not offensive to me or to the average person in the community in which I live.

Bel Ami™ **484-B WASHINGTON ST., #342**
MONTEREY, CA 93940

All models are 18 years of age or older. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.
OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. VHS ONLY. NO OVERSEAS ORDERS.


Jerk Off With Me!
AS LOW AS 60¢ PER MIN.
HOT, HUNG & READY!
1-809-490-8270
Must Be 18 or Older!
Call Now for Uncensored Wild Gay Action!
Int'l Toll Charges Apply

MEN FOR MEN
011-592-1096
I Love to Be Sucked!
1-809-490-8444
Stick It To Me!
011-592-595-670
18+ Int'l Toll Charges Apply

teach me

Sex can be such a bummer. Why not consult our panel of experts with your questions?

How will I ever get anything up there?

Probably the number one fear guys have is how anything that big will fit through such a tiny hole without sending them to the ER. Unfortunately, a lot of guys miss out on one of the great parts of sex between men because they can't get over the idea of just how much it might hurt to have someone spear their sphincter.

The word to remember is *relax*. Your asshole is a ring of muscle, and, like any muscle, it tenses up when you're nervous. Trying to shove anything past it in that state would be like pushing a Buick through a keyhole, and unless you're really into pain, you probably won't like it much. If you've heard all of those stories in which some brute rams his boner up a virgin butt, and "it hurt like hell for a minute, but then it felt so good," well forget them. This isn't like getting your ears pierced. Don't think you can just grit your teeth and get it over with once and for all.

The best way to get ready for the Big Poke is to practice. That's right. Use your fingers. Use a hot dog. Use a dildo. Use anything you can that's relatively dick-shaped. Go slowly. And use lots of lubrication on both your asshole and your object of desire. Practice massaging your asshole and sticking something inside it. Soon you'll be able to see how your hole relaxes and opens up. When you know how your body works, that's half the battle. Don't wait until you're on the battlefield to read the owner's manual.

Of course, when it comes time to try out your first human butt blaster, things will be a little different. You're bound to be nervous. But if you go slowly, use gallons of lube, and remember to relax as much as you can, things will be fine. Don't expect the first time to be perfect; it almost never is. Don't be afraid to tell your buddy to stop if it hurts too much, and ask him to loosen you up with his fingers before he dives in. Remember too that the position you use can affect how easy it is. Many first-timers like to start out sitting on top so they can control how much goes in and how quickly.

Whatever you do, don't just grab some guy off the street to pick your cherry. Do it with someone you can talk to. Your first time doesn't have to be perfect, but it should be as relaxing as possible. Don't judge ass fucking from merely one experience either. It does take time to get used to how it feels and how it all works. If the first time is a disappointment, don't throw out the idea. Try again. Too many men give up because the first time was a disaster when really

KEEFER/STUDIO 1435

teach me

all they need is a little more practice.

Oh, and one more thing: Don't worry about getting shit on someone's dick. Trust me—we've all been there. You should make sure you've pushed out what you can before you start (some guys even douche, but you don't have to), and sometimes it will feel like you have to have a bowel movement when something is up there. But in all likelihood you'll be fine.

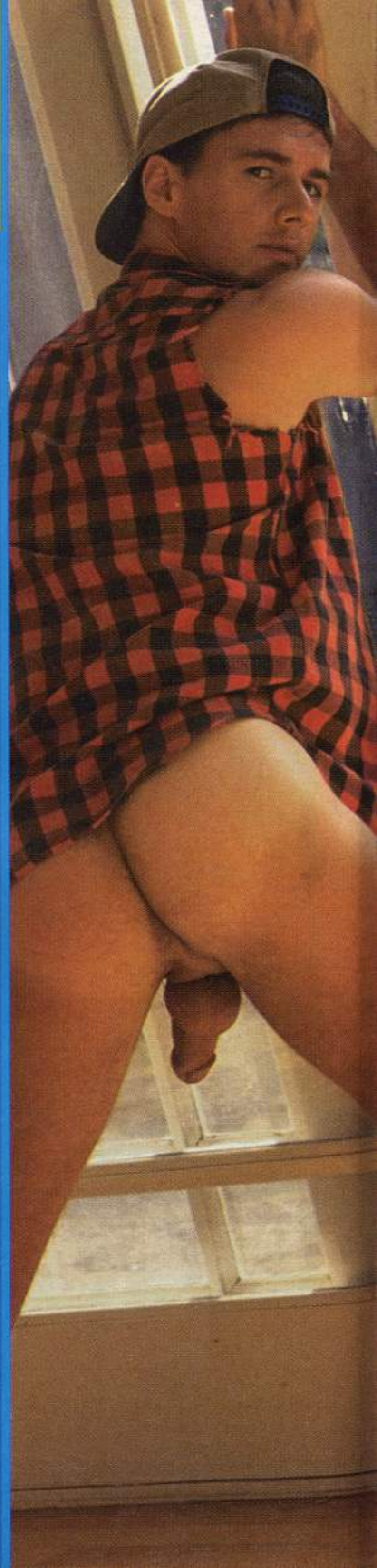
OK, tell me the truth: Does size matter?

If you look at porn magazines (including this one), you'll think every guy is running around with a ten-inch poker between his legs. It's enough to make guys with normal-size dicks feel positively lilliputian. (Six inches seems to be about average, and remember that guys in personal ads always add at least two inches.) Sure, giant cocks make for nice visuals, and just seeing one rising up before you can get things going. But be realistic—when it comes down to it, how much can you really fit into your mouth or ass? If you've ever tried to go down on a nine-inch fuck toy, you'll know how hard it is to breathe with all of that in your throat. And we won't even talk about the cramps you get in your jaw. As for your hungry butt hole, the consensus seems to be that thicker is better than longer, since a fatter sausage stimulates more nerve endings. But whatever your size, it really is how you use it that counts the most. The biggest dick in the world doesn't do much good if its owner only knows how to flail it around like he's clubbing baby seals.

How do I know if the guy I have the hots for is gay?

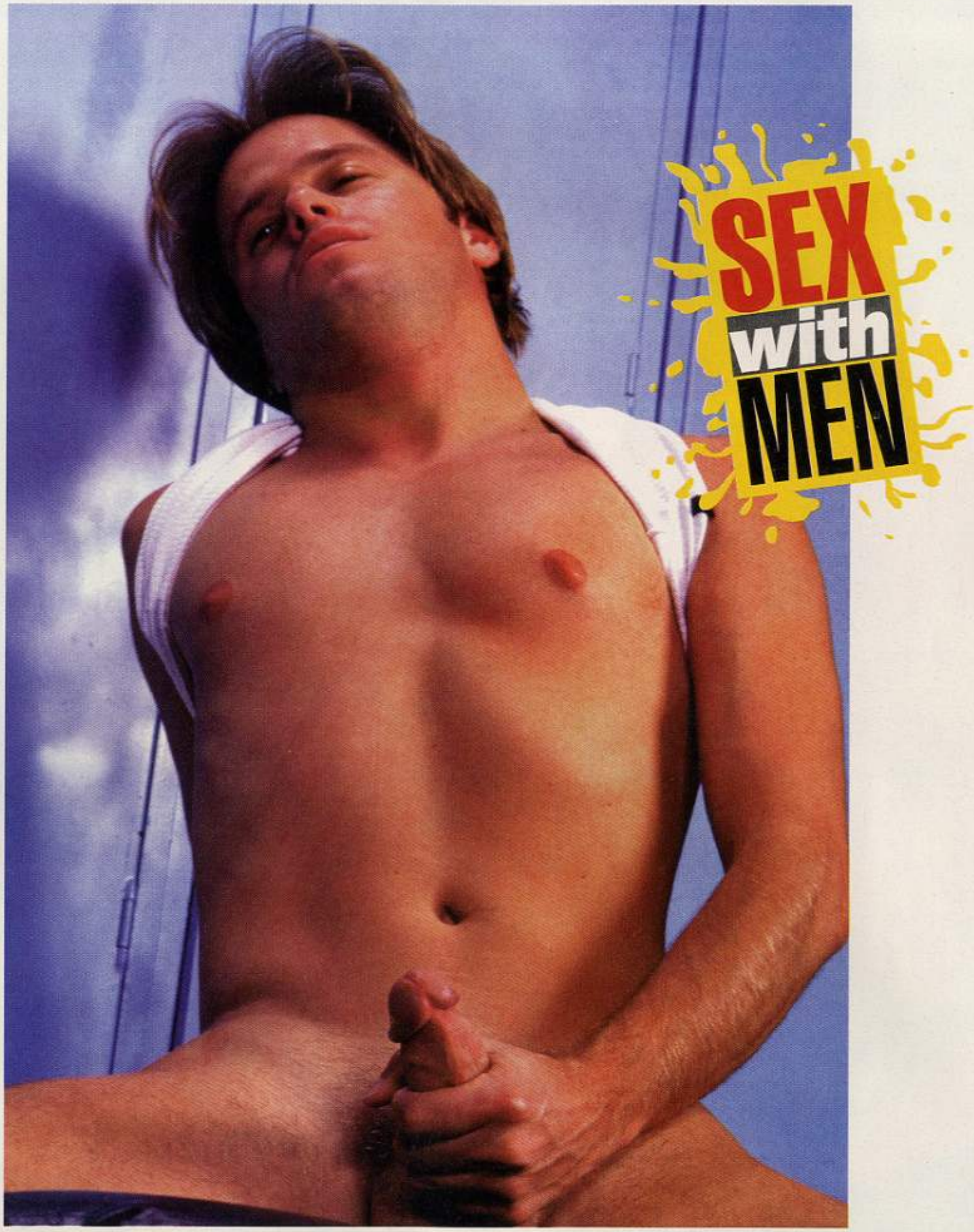
Ah, remember the days when you pretty much knew that a guy with short hair, a baseball cap on backward, and an earring would probably love a little man-on-man action? Nowadays even the straightest frat boy looks like a candidate for Cocksucker of the Year. So what's a guy to do? Apart from just asking him (you'd be surprised how well this works), your best bet is to look for clues. Does he give you long looks during class? Do you hear Erasure songs blasting from his dorm room? Does he have a pink triangle sticker on his car? Be on the lookout for little things that will clue you in. In the end you'll probably have to risk making the first move. Why not strike up a conversation and try asking him what he thinks of a gay-themed movie or a recent political decision? If you let him know that you're gay, chances are, he'll let you know if he is too. If you just wait around to find out, you'll never know.

Our panel of experts is culled from a wide scientific and social-service source—mainly our friends: old guys who sit around and think about sex all the time and think they have all the answers.



GREG LENZMAN

GET YOUR DAILY DOSE.



1-800-PRO-MALE
(776-6253)

ONLY $1.25 FOR EACH MINUTE OF PLEASURE. Discreetly charged to your Visa/MasterCard

1-900-999-3333

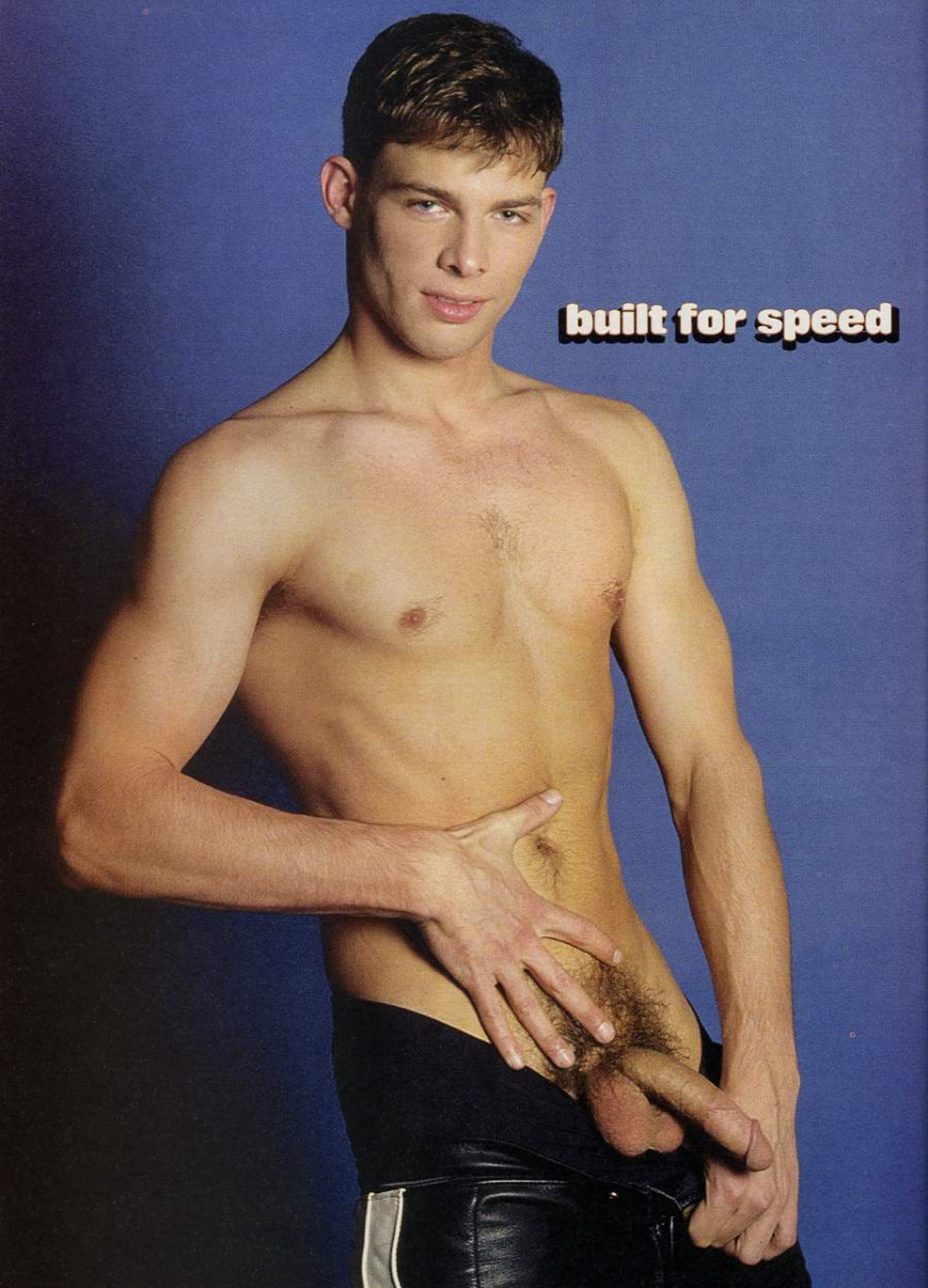
ONLY $1.99 FOR EACH MINUTE OF PLEASURE. Discreetly charged to telephone

turbo

charged

Model: Bryan Cruz
Photography: Keefer/Studio 1435

put more power between your legs


built for speed

full throttle

HOME ALONE?

Let's PARTY ON THE PHONE!

HOT LIVE TALK

1-900-745-HUNK (4865)

1-800-666-GUYS (4897)

Adults Only • $2.50-$3.99/Min.

LIVE HOT STUDS ON YOUR COMPUTER
http://www.HotStud.com

HOT CHEAP TALK

1-268-404-4480
1-664-410-2526

ADULTS ONLY • REG. LD/INT'L. TOLL ONLY

HARD MEN
DIALING FOR DICK

ONLY 49¢ PER MIN

1-800 TOP-FUCK

800-555-MENN

800-999-HUNG

800-GET-DICK

800-ANAL-BOY

800-EAT-DICK

800-USA-GUYS

VISA/MC/AMEX + $1.00 ACCESS FEE MUST BE 18

UNCENSORED!

BUTT BANGING & BALL BLASTING!

L I V E

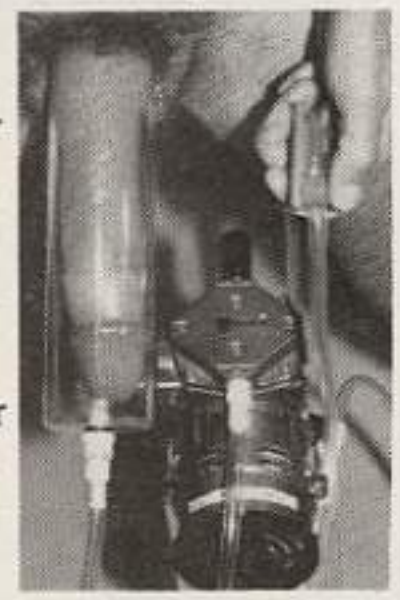
Swinging Sexy Studs!
1-809-490-8157
National Hardcore Fantasies!
1-809-490-8448

Ride Me to Glory!

Int'l Toll Applies — Must be 18+

PUMP IT UP

With the Vacu-Tech Enlargement System



At last—the big cock you always wanted. Safe, hot, and fun to use, our equipment is the best on the market. Vacu-Tech delivers the goods other products only promise. Our critically acclaimed Electric System is pictured above.

☐ Yes! Rush me your photo brochure. I have enclosed $1 for postage

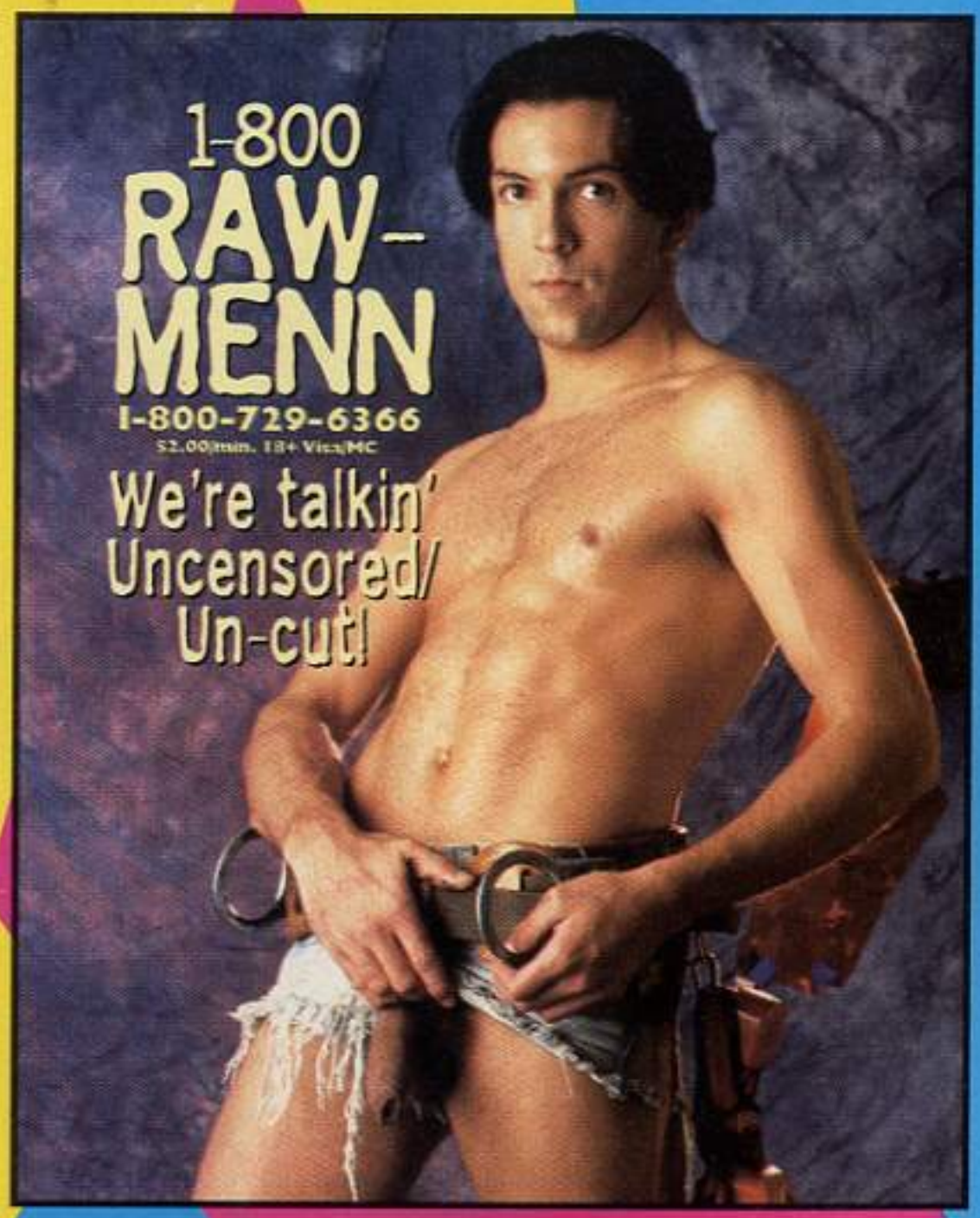
Signature (I am over 21 years of age)

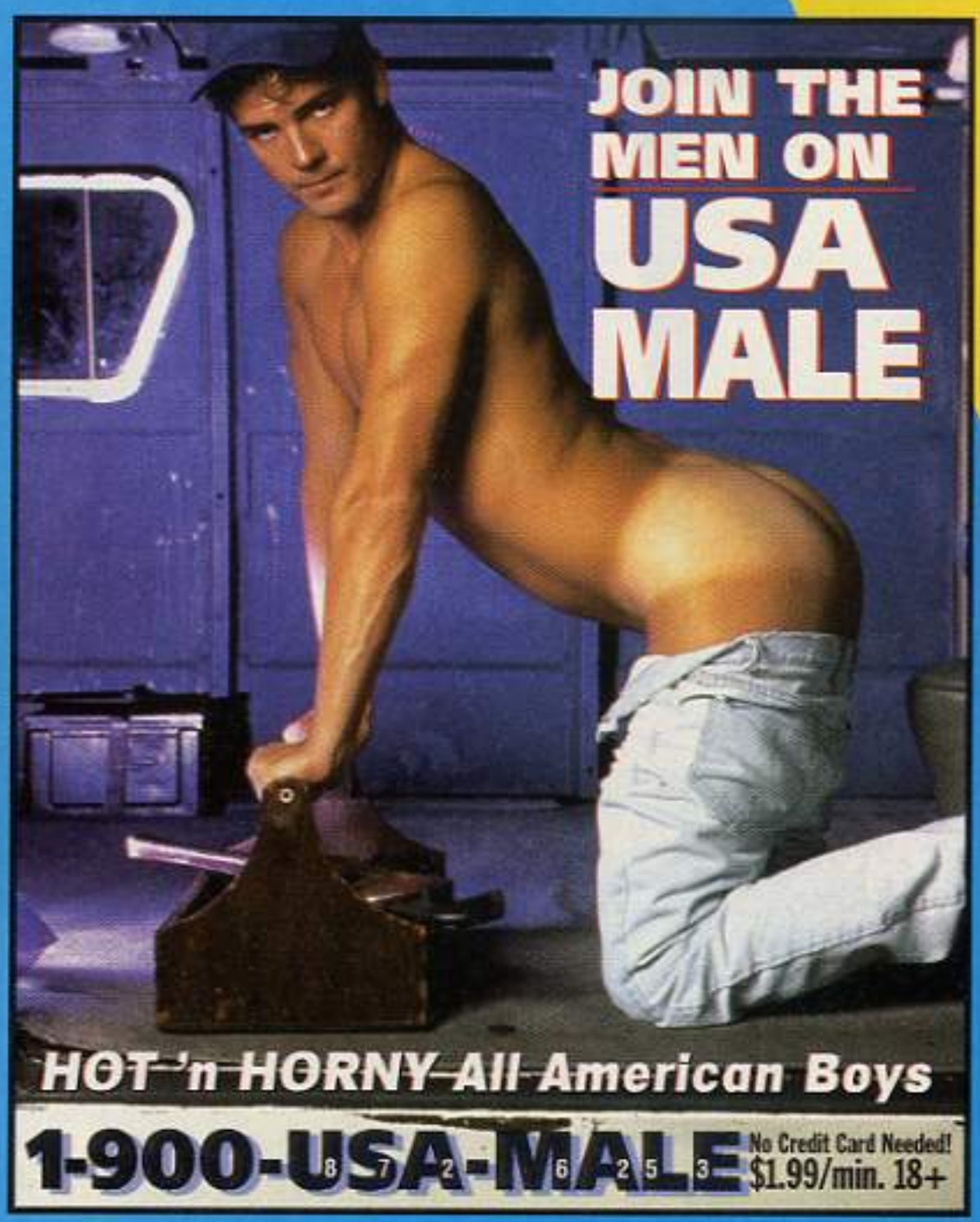
Name (Please print neatly)

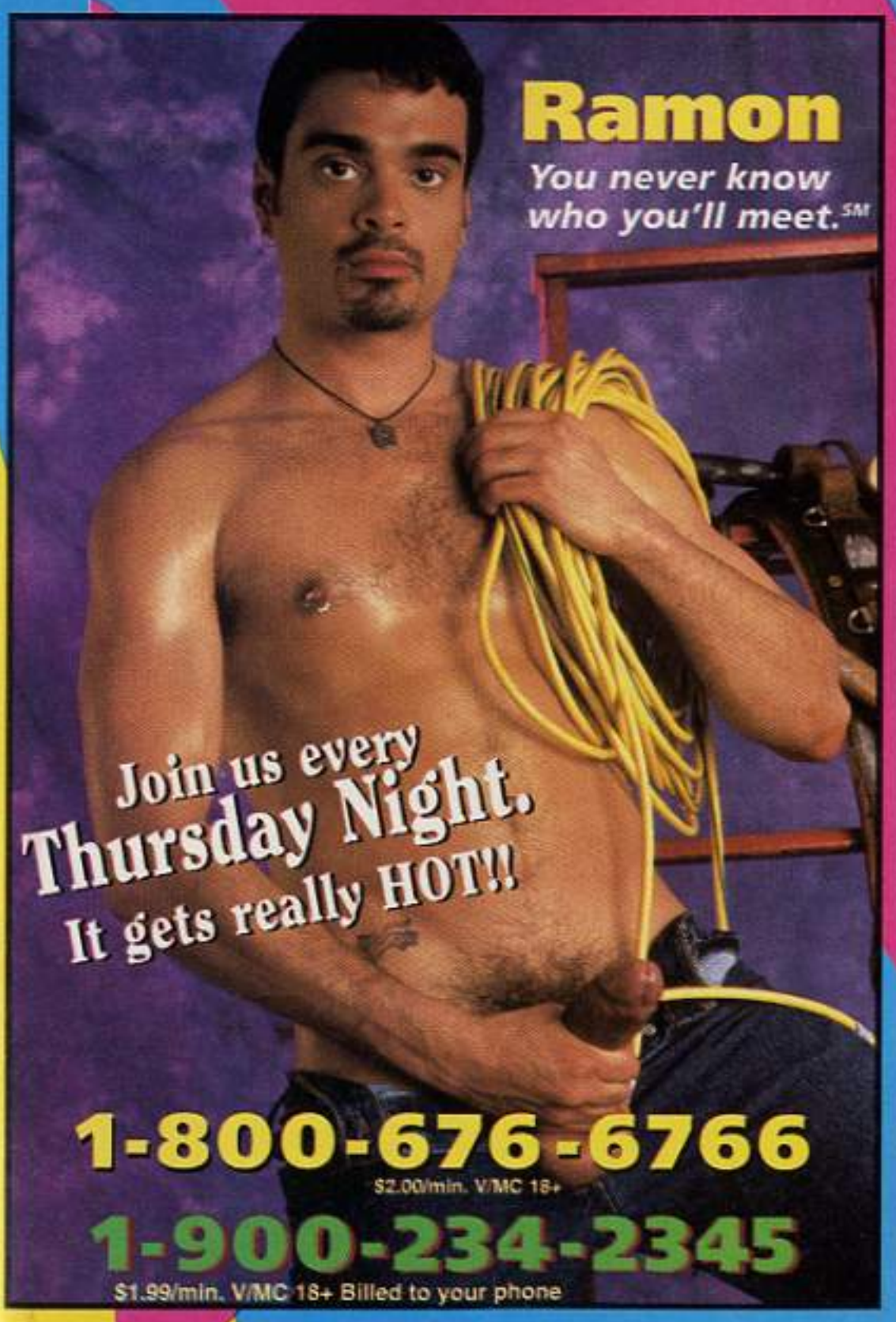
Address

City/State/Zip/Phone

VACU-TECH
2440 Sixteenth Street #153-F
San Francisco, CA 94103
415-673-8200 / FAX 415-863-0445


1-800
RAW-
MENN
1-800-729-6366
$2.00/min. 18+ Visa/MC
We're talkin'
Uncensored/
Un-cut!


JOIN THE
MEN ON
USA
MALE
HOT 'n HORNY All American Boys
1-900-USA-MALE
No Credit Card Needed!
$1.99/min. 18+

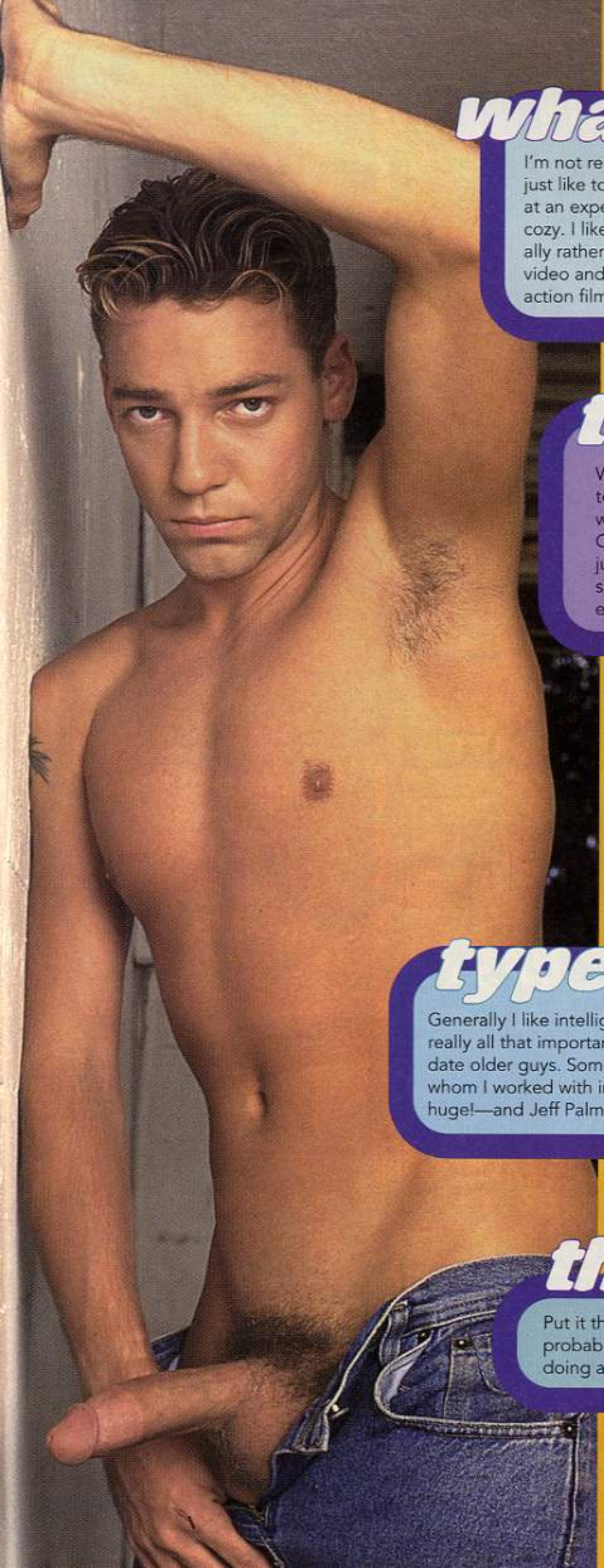

Ramon
You never know
who you'll meet.SM
Join us every
Thursday Night.
It gets really HOT!!
1-800-676-6766
$2.00/min. V/MC 18+
1-900-234-2345
$1.99/min. V/MC 18+ Billed to your phone

Guys with Long,
Hard Cocks are
waiting!
1-800-775-GUYS
$1.50 per min. Discreetly charged to Visa/MC as WCP, Inc.
1-900-USA-MENN
$1.99 per min. 18+ Discreetly charged to y
telephone as voice mail.

porn star dream date

with

J.C. hart



what we'd do

I'm not really that much of a club person. Most of the time I just like to go out somewhere to a nice dinner—not necessarily at an expensive restaurant, just somewhere that's nice and cozy. I like going to movies sometimes, but with a date I'd really rather go back to my place or back to his place and rent a video and just get comfortable and watch that. I like comedies, action films, tearjerkers, the classics—basically all sorts.

turnoffs

Well, I'm kind of a man's man. If guys are too feminine, that bothers me. I like a guy who is sure of himself and has his own mind. One of the worst things a guy can do is to just try to say what they think I want them to say or do just what I want them to do. Don't ever try to be something you're not.

turn-ons

Hmm...I haven't had many of those lately—that's why it's taking me a minute. I guess a big turn-on for me is when a guy is particularly thoughtful or just does thoughtful things. Just little things, nothing big—little romantic things.

types & tastes

Generally I like intelligent guys, guys who are just nice guys. Looks aren't really all that important. I like a guy I can really talk to. Usually that means I date older guys. Some of my favorite costars have been Chad Donovan, whom I worked with in *Hot Cops 3*—because he has such a big dick; it's huge!—and Jeff Palmer, whom I just did a scene with for Jocks.

the sex part

Put it this way: I'll have sex on a first date, but if I do, it's probably a last date. If I just want to cuddle, you're doing all right.

CATALINA VIDEO

1-800-652-BOYS
1-268-404-4798
INT'L TOLL APPLY 18+
1-800-340-GUYS
1-900-484-EDGE
1-800-455-HUNK
HOTTEST CALLS
011-592-563-371
1-664-410-1407
1-800-699-3100
1-900-FUN-4FUN
69¢ - 3.99 MIN 18+
1-888-GAY-REAR

1-800-GAY-DICK
YOUR CHOICE OF A
69¢ - 3.99 MIN 18+
1- SEXY ORAL
2- BI MARRIED MAN
3- HUGE HUNK
4- COLLEGE JOCKS
5- UNCUT
6- BEEFY GYM ACTION
7- BOY TOY
8- CURIOUS STRAIGHT
9- LEATHER FETISHES
1-900-879-DUDE
1-900-656-COCK
I WILL DRILL YOU
011-592-563-370
1-664-410-1406
1-800-425-3200
1-800-GAY-1ON1
INT'L TOLL APPLY 18+
1-268-404-4798

ROPED & PUNISHED Again
HEAVY B&D
STARRING CORT STEVENS
Keeping Cort tied up makes Cougar Hot. Cort stays hard while Cougar punishes him relentlessly. There are multiple cum shots in this HOT VIDEO.
Send Visa/MC, Money Order or Check For $49.95 + $3.S&H.
Illustrated Catalog $5.(Free with order). CA res add 8.5% tax
You Must State That You Are Over 21
GRAPIK ART • PO Box 460142 F • San Fran. CA 94146-0142

OVERSEAS ACTION
J/O SEX STUDS GET OFF
011-239-129-7639

GAY CYBERSEX
VISIT OUR HOT WEBSITE
www.hijk.com

MASTURBATION
BEHIND CLOSET DOORS
1-800-908-5433

CHAT LINE
LOCKER ROOM GROUP CHAT
PHONE SEX FOR THE GAY 90'S
GET YOUR ROCKS OFF NOW
1-900-435-6508
ALSO TRY 1-900-745-1621
HOT TALK 1-800-269-2637

Quick & Easy MAN-SCAN
Scan all the men on the line & talk LIVE to the best!
Dial 12 digits . . .
CALL 011-592-588-839
Also try . . . 011-592-588-821
LIVE and Totally Uncensored!
DIRT CHEAP TO CALL "011" NUMBERS! Pay Reg. Int'l L.D. Rates!
Instant Credit ... No One Refused!

HOT MALE BOX
INTIMATE TALKING PERSONALS
MEET A NEW J/O PARTNER
LOCAL AND NATIONWIDE
REAL PHONE NUMBERS
1-900-745-5584
FROM CANADA 1-900-451-3345

CUM FEST
WITH NAKED STUDS
1-800-895-4469

BLOW HARDS
WILL EAT YOUR STUFF
1-900-745-1641

COCK TALK
WITH A HUNG JOCK
1-900-745-2810

Horny guys. Bold action. Right NOW.
Five hot ways to set your receiver on fire!
Instant credit!
From $2/min.
1-800-365-GUYS (4897)
or 1-900-745-4004
$2 to $3.99/min. depending on option
WPA, Pgh., PA • Must be 18+

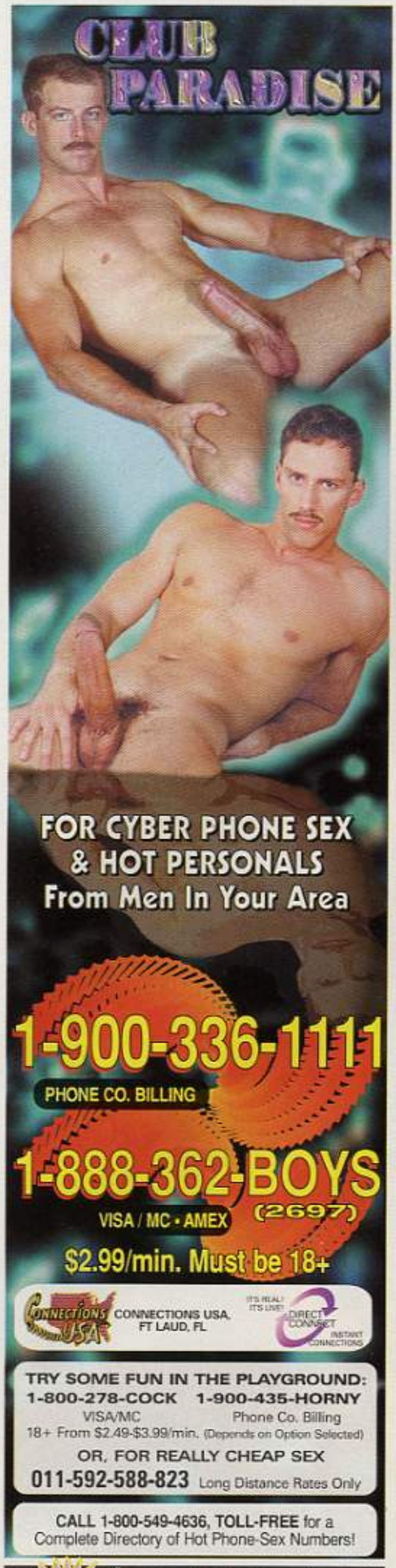
JISM ORGY
SHOOT YOUR HOT LOAD
1-800-714-4865

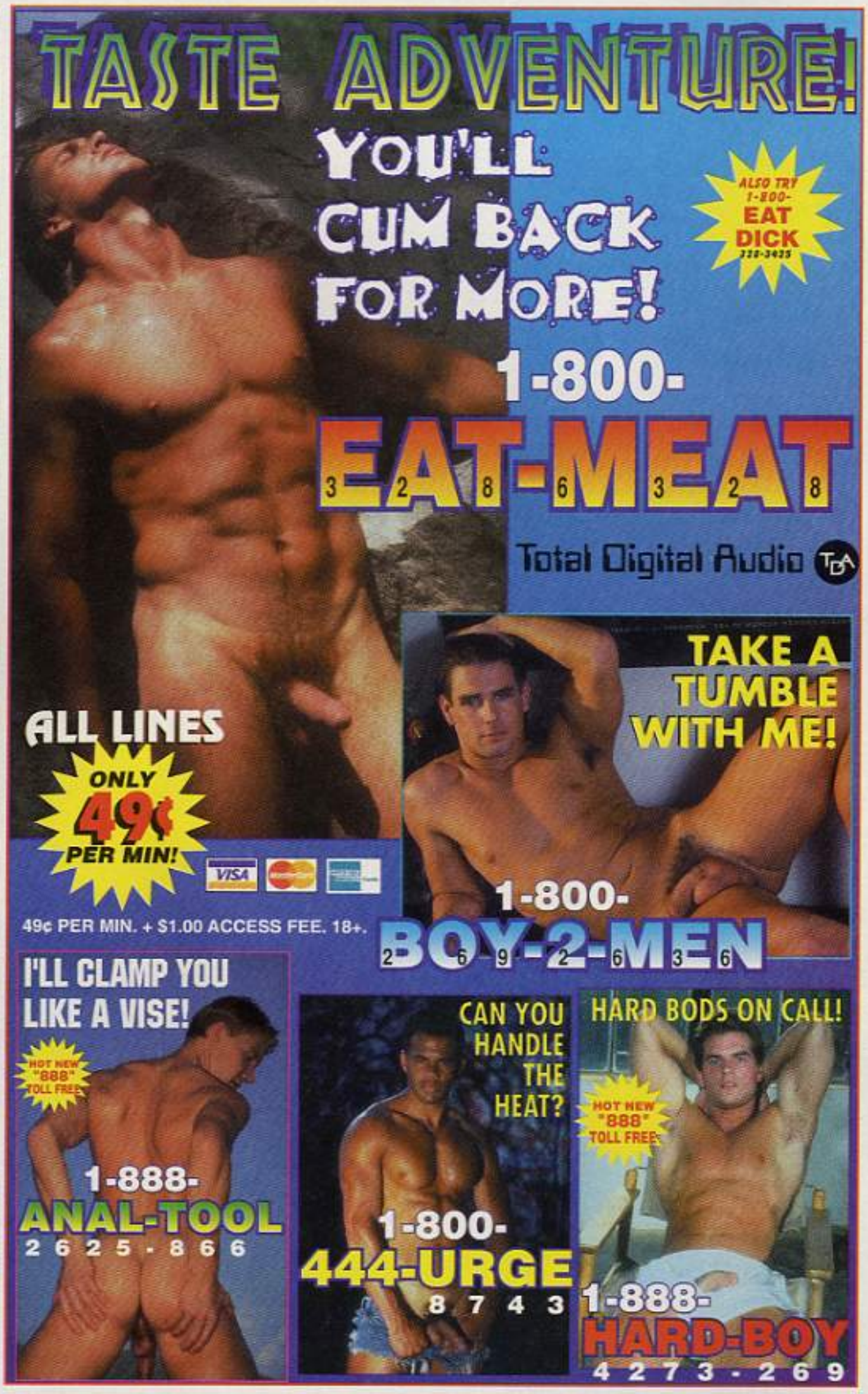
CANADIAN GAYS
CUM AND GET YOURS
1-900-451-3216

MAN HOLE
AWAITS YOUR STIFF ROD
1-900-745-1631

CIRCLE JERK
SWEATY GROUP J/O ACTION
CALL NOW AND JOIN IN
OR JUST EAVESDROP
1-900-435-1250
ALSO TRY 1-900-745-2807
XXXPLICIT 1-800-294-2625

$1-3.99/MINUTE • APE SAN RAFAEL CA • 18+YEARS

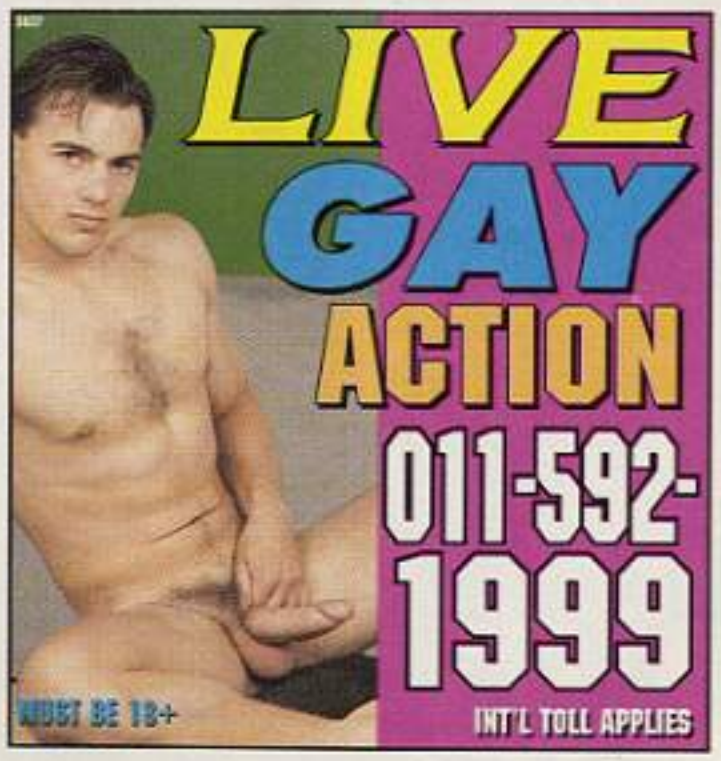

CLUB PARADISE
FOR CYBER PHONE SEX
& HOT PERSONALS
From Men In Your Area
1-900-336-1111
PHONE CO. BILLING
1-888-362-BOYS
(2697)
VISA / MC • AMEX
$2.99/min. Must be 18+
CONNECTIONS USA
FT LAUD, FL
IT'S REAL! IT'S LIVE!
DIRECT CONNECT
INSTANT CONNECTIONS
TRY SOME FUN IN THE PLAYGROUND:
1-800-278-COCK 1-900-435-HORNY
VISA/MC Phone Co. Billing
18+ From $2.49-$3.99/min. (Depends on Option Selected)
OR, FOR REALLY CHEAP SEX
011-592-588-823 Long Distance Rates Only
CALL 1-800-549-4636, TOLL-FREE for a
Complete Directory of Hot Phone-Sex Numbers!


TASTE ADVENTURE!
YOU'LL CUM BACK FOR MORE!
ALSO TRY 1-800- EAT DICK 328-3425
1-800-
EAT-MEAT
3 2 8 6 3 2 8
Total Digital Audio
ALL LINES
ONLY 49¢ PER MIN!
49¢ PER MIN. + $1.00 ACCESS FEE. 18+.
TAKE A TUMBLE WITH ME!
1-800-
BOY-2-MEN
2 6 9 2 6 3 6

I'LL CLAMP YOU LIKE A VISE!
HOT NEW "888" TOLL FREE
1-888-
ANAL-TOOL
2625-866

CAN YOU HANDLE THE HEAT?
1-800-
444-URGE
8743

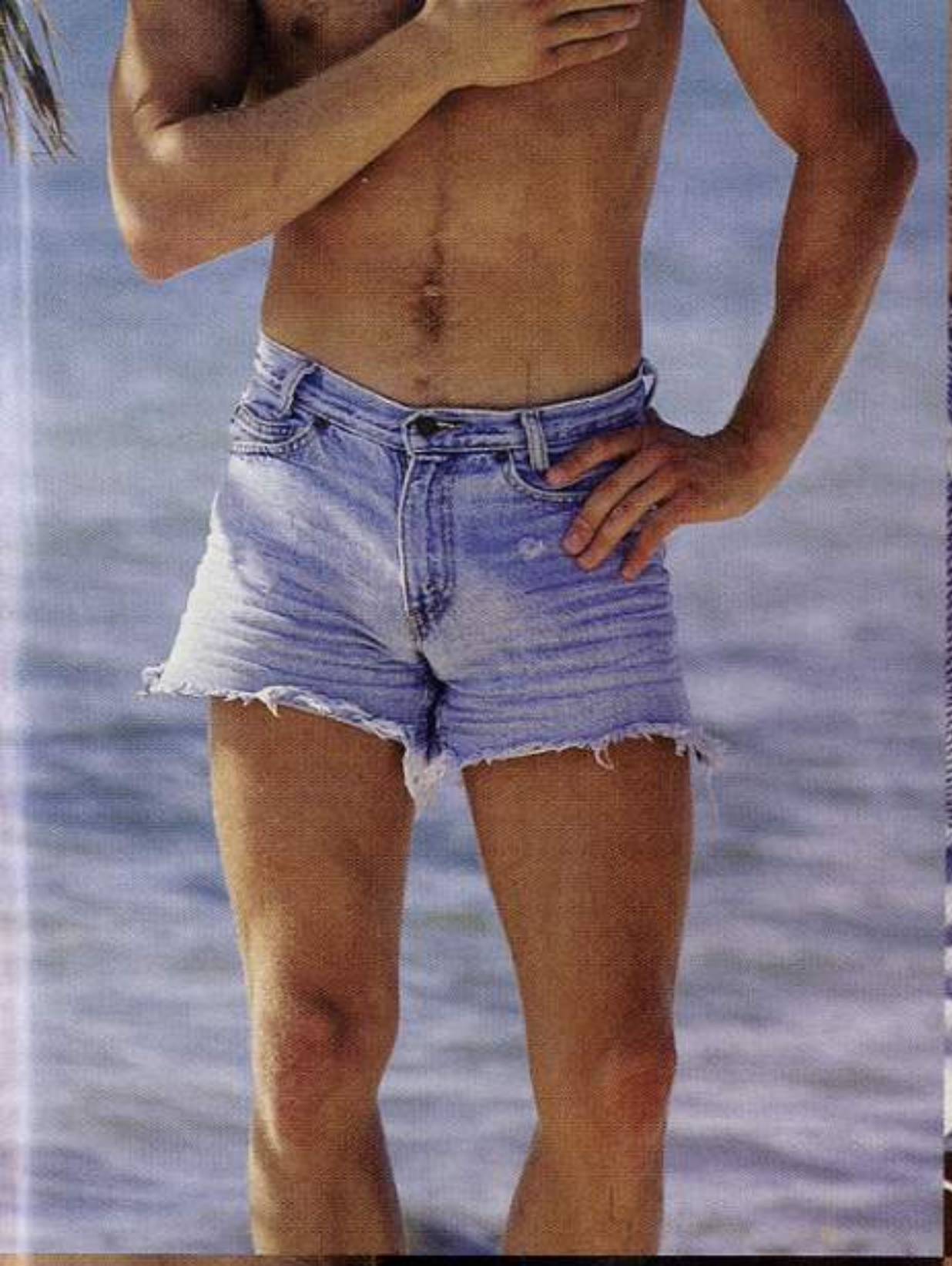
HARD BODS ON CALL!
HOT NEW "888" TOLL FREE
1-888-
HARD-BOY
4273-269

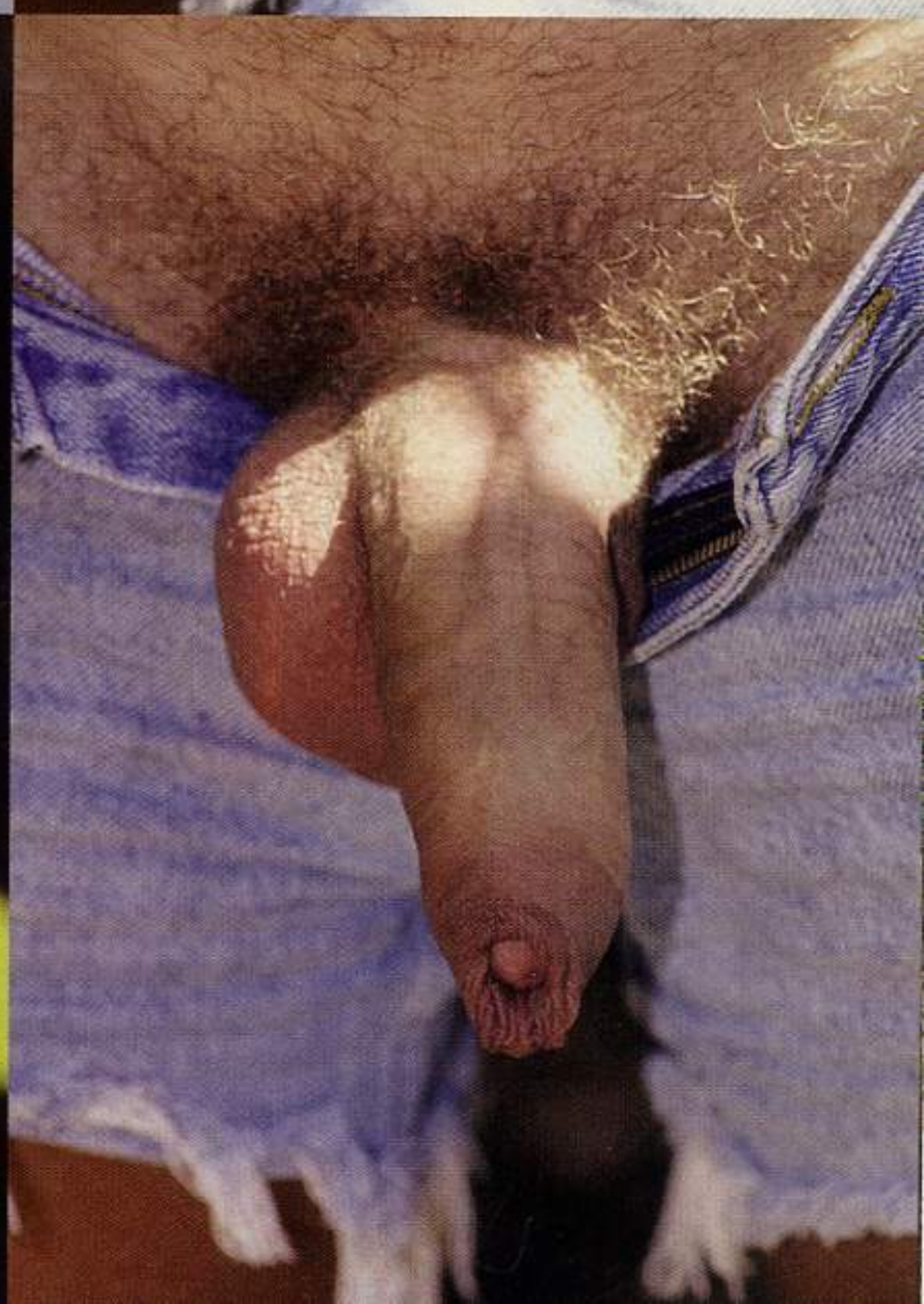

LIVE GAY ACTION
011-592-
1999
MUST BE 18+
INT'L TOLL APPLIES

LIVE HARD SEX!
FOR GUYS WHO LIKE TO FUCK!
CHEAP AS LOW AS 69¢ PER MINUTE
IT'S HERE!
For the first time in the USA!
011-592-
279-006
18+
Int'l LD Applies

30 MINUTES!
ON CONNECTIONS USA FOR JUST $19.95
1-900-420-SAVE
Must be 18+
Super Saver!
ConnUSA, Ft Laud, FL

Model: Christian Poulin
Photography: Edward/Penlight Studios
treasure island





thar be treasure hidden in these parts, matey

riches to last a man a lifetime

all yours for the askin' if ye be man enough to take it

EAT
at Joe's
CLOSE COVER BEFORE STROKING

on my own

by grant foster

"You're 18 today, Justin. That means the money stops today." Mr. McGruder averted his eyes from me and shrugged his narrow shoulders. "That means you have to leave." He stood in the doorway to the kitchen as he spoke, one hand on the knob, ready to beat a hasty retreat if I chose to dispute him. I didn't choose to do that. He and his mousy wife had provided food and shelter but nothing else. This house had never been my home, although it had been far calmer and safer than the shabby trailer in which my mother had lived. In truth, I was anxious to leave, although I didn't tell Mr. McGruder that. There wasn't any point. I merely thanked him for remembering my birthday and went up to my attic bedroom to pack.

Within the hour I was standing in the rain with my duffel bag, waiting for the bus into the city. I wasn't sure what I was going to do, but I was going to have to do it fast. I had managed to save up $400 of the money I'd made working after school; the rest had all gone for books and school supplies that Mr. McGruder could never seem to pay for out of the money the state sent for my maintenance. It wasn't much, but with any luck the money would carry me through until I found a job.

The crowded bus pulled up, and I elbowed my way on board. The rain had brought out umbrellas, sour expressions, and the odor of wet, not very clean wool. I made my way to the back, stopping beside a handsome fellow with a killer smile and a big basket. As the bus took off, I jostled against him and was thrilled when I felt his hand press against my ass.

The bus pulled up to another stop, and more people crowded on. I was pressed tighter against the man, my back to him, his fat basket now rubbing my ass. I felt something between my legs, looked down, and saw his hand cup my crotch. I groaned silently, my heart pounding. He started rubbing my ass with his other hand, his fingers digging deep into my crack. The jeans I wore were old, the fabric thin. He found a weak spot, probed it, and broke through to touch bare flesh.

His finger skidded down my crack to the tingling pucker of my hole. He pushed, and his finger slithered up inside me. I gasped and gripped the bar overhead. If anyone around us heard, they gave no sign of it. The man kept his finger in me, wiggling it around, thrusting in deep. He reached up with his free hand, pried my hand off the bar, and pulled it behind me. I gripped again, this time wrapping my fingers around a long, thick, veiny cock that was rapidly going hard.

I gasped again when the finger popped out of me, hardly able to believe what was happening. The bus stopped again, taking on more rain-soaked passengers. There was more jostling, and I was pushed back even tighter against the smiling man. I felt his finger again, only it wasn't his finger. Both of his hands were on my waist, holding me steady. Something big, blunt, and hard was pushing against my ass lips. I tensed in panic, reached back, and touched his hot, hard cock.

"Aah!" A few heads turned, but no one spoke. My eyes fluttered shut, and I clutched at my belly as his dick plowed into me, skewering me, ravaging my virgin ass. I could hear his breath, feel it hot against my neck as he bucked and thrust frantically, his huge meat churning in my bowels.

The burning sensation in my ass was converted to a different kind of fire when he dug his whisker-stubbled chin into my shoulder and started fucking me. The heat began to spread through my groin to my belly, to my arms and legs, until I tingled from head to toe. My prick was hard now, pushed down the leg of my jeans, chafing against the worn fabric and my own smooth skin. My asshole had begun to clench, grabbing at the pistoning prick invading me, squeezing it until the smiling man hissed out his pleasure in my ear.

As the bus glided to another stop, the man snorted, and my ass channel was flooded with liquid heat that pumped out of his prick and gushed into me. I pressed against the seat beside me, squirting my own come down my leg. I was still dripping when he yanked his dick out of me. I grabbed the seat to keep from falling, my ears ringing, every nerve in my body throbbing with the intensity of that virgin fuck.

The man grabbed at my ass one last time, then began to push his way toward the front of the bus. I wanted to

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: JUSTIN SIGHED; SOURCE PHOTO: TROY SEBASTIAN

talk to him, kiss him, learn his name and address, but there was nothing I could do. The bus ground to a halt, and he disappeared into the gray curtain of rain beyond the streaked windows.

As the bus made its way through downtown, it quickly emptied, allowing me the chance to sit down. As I dropped into a seat, I was overwhelmed by a sickening panic. The familiar lump of wallet that always pressed into my left ass cheek was missing. I patted my pockets frantically and checked the floor around me: nothing. Then my thoughts flashed to the smiling man with the basket. The bastard had picked my pocket—fucked my ass, then stolen my wallet as his payment! And I had thought he was overwhelmed by lust for me. Christ, I was a fool. A poor fool at that. I got off the bus at the next stop, turned up my collar, and began to trudge through the pouring rain.

Six hours later I had been turned down for half a dozen jobs. One an hour—not bad for a beginner. I eyed the sign in the window of the diner and struggled to build up my courage for yet another rejection. The sign said to apply at the alley entrance in the rear. I picked up my soggy duffel bag and threaded my way through garbage cans and packing crates until I located the proper door. It was propped open, and the smells that floated out into the alley reminded me forcibly that I hadn't eaten since early that morning.

"What do you want?" The man at the stove glared at me over a sea of pots. He was big, built more like a wrestler than a cook. His sweat-soaked athletic shirt clung to his torso, making it clear that his bulk was muscle, not fat.

"I want the dishwashing job," I replied, stepping into the warmth and good smells of the kitchen.

"I ain't got the time to interview you," the man snapped, shaking his head brusquely.

"But I really—"

"I said I ain't got time." He took a step toward me, his huge arms flexing menacingly. The door that led to the dining room swung open, and a young man staggered in with a huge tub of dirty plates and glasses. He took one look at the overloaded sink and set the tub noisily on the floor. The big man looked at the sink, then at me.

"Give me a chance, mister," I pleaded, taking another step into the room, made bold by desperation, hunger, and something in the big man's eyes that I interpreted as kindness. "I'll get these all washed up, and if I don't do it right, you don't have to pay me. I really need the work, mister. Please."

"Shit!" A pot on the stove boiled over, making the gas hiss and sputter. "All right," he called out over his broad shoulder. "There's an apron hanging beside the door there. Get to work."

Five hours later I rinsed the last dish and turned off the water in the sink. The restaurant had been closed for more than an hour, and the two waiters and the busboy had gone home for the night. I wiped down the sink, then folded the rag and draped it carefully over the towel rack. When I turned back around, the cook was looking at me, his arms folded across his massive chest.

"You've done good work. If you want the job, it's yours." His frown faded, and he smiled at me. The smile made his rough face handsome. He stuck out his hand and took a step forward. "I'm Joe Morris. I'm the owner of this dive. She's not much to look at, but the food is pretty damned good, even if I do say so myself."

"Justin Madison," I replied. When he gripped my hand, it disappeared completely into his huge paw. The grip was firm but not painful. Joe didn't seem like the kind of man who'd go around crushing a guy's knuckles to prove his own strength. "The food sure does smell good," I said.

"You haven't had any?" He looked at me, then shook his head and chuckled. "Of course not. You got here in the middle of the rush and haven't slowed down since. You must be starved."

"Close," I admitted.

"Come on, Justin. Sit down." He pointed to a small table in the corner. I sat down while Joe lifted the lid on a pot and ladled out a bowl of soup. He brought that to the table, along with a chunk of bread and some cheese. I dug in and chowed down until the bowl was empty and the bread and cheese had been reduced to a few crumbs. I got up, washed the bowl, and put it away, then got ready to leave.

His sweat-soaked athletic shirt clung to his torso, making it clear that his bulk was muscle, not fat.

"You got a place to stay?" Joe asked me as I was opening the door.

"Sure," I lied, not willing to admit that I was totally broke. The last thing I wanted was for Joe to think I was a bum.

"See you tomorrow, then. If you're here by noon, that'll be great. Good night, Justin."

I went out the back door and walked down the alley. I ducked behind a big Dumpster three doors away and waited till I saw Joe shut the door and turn off the light above it. Then I crept back and set about creating shelter for the night. I leaned a big sheet of cardboard from one of the Dumpsters against the side of the steps that led up to Joe's back door. I anchored the cardboard, spread a thick layer of newspapers on the ground, put my duffel bag into the shelter, then crawled in after it, ready to camp out in the middle of the city.

I hadn't been there for more than five minutes when I heard a door opening. I hunkered down, hoping to remain invisible. "What the hell?" It was Joe's voice. "How many times have I told you guys that I can't have you living back here? The health board will close me down in a hurry. I—" He pulled the cardboard away and stared down at me, open-mouthed. "Justin?"

"I...I'm sorry, Joe," I stammered. "I...I was..."

"Got no place to stay?" he asked. I shook my head and looked down at Joe's boots. He had big feet. "Come with me, then."

"I don't want to be any trouble."

"You want trouble? You keep me out in the rain arguing with you. Then you'll have trouble. Come on." I followed him to his truck and climbed into the cab beside him. He

asked why I was on the streets, and while he drove I gave him a capsule history of my life. Joe didn't say anything, but he did reach across and pat me on the shoulder. It was a comforting gesture.

Joe had a small house on the outskirts of the city. It was set in the middle of a big lot, surrounded by a huge vegetable garden. When we got inside, Joe helped me put the damp clothes from my duffel bag into the drier, then sent me off to take a shower. By the time I stepped out of the bathroom, Joe had made a bed for me on the couch. I slipped naked between the crisp sheets and watched as he tucked the covers around my feet with almost military precision.

We said our good nights, then Joe went to his bedroom. I was just about to drift off when I got the urge to take a leak. I got up and did my business, then heard something from farther along the hall and went to investigate. Joe's bedroom door was open, and he was standing in front of a full-length mirror, naked.

I shouldn't have stayed to watch, but I couldn't help myself. My better judgment always seemed to take a hike when I caught sight of a naked man. And Joe was more than just a naked man—he was a hunk. His hips were narrow, and his long, furry legs were packed with hard, bulging muscle. He had broad shoulders, heavily developed arms, a huge chest, and a flat belly that was ridged like a washboard.

As I watched, he raised his arms and reached for the ceiling. His biceps and triceps bulged, his chest rose and swelled, and his belly drew back in a sharply concave curve. He rose up on his toes, flexing his leg muscles, knotting his calves to truly amazing proportions. He held the pose for a long time, breathing slowly and deeply. Tiny beads of sweat formed on his forehead and neck, then ran slowly down his face and chest. Within minutes the fans of dark hair in his armpits were plastered flat against his pale skin.

He relaxed that pose, then struck another, flexing his arms. His biceps swelled to the size of golden melons, the surfaces networked with thick veins that twitched with his pulse. He turned slightly, and my attention was drawn to his crotch. Joe's dick was obviously growing. When I first glanced at it, it had been nestled in on top of his fat balls. Now it was hanging down, having easily doubled in length and thickness. The fat head was still tucked into its crinkled brown hood of skin, but if it kept growing, it would soon push out into the clear.

Never in my whole life had I seen such a sexy sight. I had dreamed about men, thought about them, even spied on them in the locker room when I was in high school, but now all of my dreams and fantasies had suddenly come to full, virile life. What I saw, I wanted. What I wanted, I had to touch. I felt totally powerless, totally unable to resist. I put logic, manners, restraint, and better judgment on hold and stepped into Joe's room.

"I'd invite you in, but it's a little late for that." Joe's voice was smooth and calm, as if having a naked guy spying on him were totally natural. Still flexing his arms, he turned his head and grinned at me. "As long as you're going to look, you might as well get close enough to see."

"I...I'm sorry," I stammered, my cheeks burning.

"Don't be," Joe chuckled, dropping his arms to his sides and shaking his hands to get the blood flowing. "If I were modest, I would've shut the door." He looked me up and down and nodded approvingly. "You're a hot guy, Justin. Great face, nice body, big cock—all as smooth as a baby's butt...just the kind of guy I've been hoping would wander into my bedroom some rainy night."

"Thanks," I muttered, my heart pounding.

Joe glanced down at my hard-on. It was pointing at him like a loaded gun. "I guess that means you like what you're seeing, huh?" I nodded my head. "So come on over here and do what you really want to do."

"What?" I couldn't believe my ears. "You mean it?"

"I have no reason to lie to you, Justin. I could really get off on some serious attention from a hot young stud like you. You can feel me, rub me, pinch me, stroke me, lick me—you name it. Come on over here, Justin. Just pretend you're having a wet dream while you're wide awake."

I jerked on his cock and sucked greedily at the honey that was now beginning to flow freely.

I moved in on him fast, afraid he might change his mind if I hesitated. I walked right up to him and put my arms around him. I pressed my face against his hard, hairy chest. He was warm, smelling of sweat, garlic, and some other scent that was all his own. My hands slipped up to his shoulders, my fingers curving over the hard ridges of his deltoids. I held him tight, conscious of his heartbeat, his steady breathing, the movement of his muscles when he raised his arms and began rubbing my back.

When I licked the thick nub of his tit, Joe groaned softly and his pec bulged, pressing the rubbery point harder against my lips. I caught it between my teeth and bit gently. Joe's groan changed to a growl, and his hand curled around my neck. I bit down harder and shook my head from side to side. Joe's hard-on throbbed against my belly, the knob hot against my skin.

I looked down—both of our hard cocks were trapped between our bellies, pressed side by side, mine a rosy pink, his a dusky brown. His cock head had fought free of its hood. As I watched, he twitched his hips and that hot, sticky bulb of flesh rubbed against the side of my hard-on.

I dropped to my knees and pressed my forehead against Joe's belly. Slowly, tentatively, I began stroking his dick. It felt great—all stiff and twitching against my fingertips. I pressed it to my cheek, turning my head until it throbbed against my lips. I looked up at Joe.

"Suck it," he said, his deep voice soft and as smooth as silk. I did, letting the head of it slide along my tongue till it punched against the back of my throat. I gagged and jerked my head away, coughing and sputtering. "No rush, buddy," Joe whispered. "No rush at all."

I wrapped my fingers around the veiny stalk, shucked his foreskin back up over the tip, and licked it. The taste of salt came first, followed by a different, slightly bitter sensa-

tion on the back of my tongue. It was his dick juice; my tongue and lips were slippery with it. I jerked on his cock and sucked greedily at the honey that was now beginning to flow freely.

"Lick my balls, Justin. I like having my balls licked." Joe shifted his feet, spreading his strong, hairy thighs. His nuts swung back and forth, hot and heavy. The skin on his bag was crinkled, reeking of that spicy tang I had smelled and tasted earlier. I licked, swabbing the fat orbs until they gleamed with my spit.

"Go back, man. Back farther. Lick my asshole." I looked up at him—his eyes were closed, his lips drawn back from his teeth. I pushed my head between his legs, licking the hard ridge that ran from his balls back to the hair-ringed pucker of his asshole.

I had never imagined this, licking a man's hairy asshole, but once I began it seemed like something I'd been wanting all my life. When I first touched it, the dusky lips surrounding it clenched like a fist and fluttered against my tongue. I licked, savoring the musky scent, then began to probe, attempting to drive my tongue up inside him.

"Oh, yeah! God, yeah! Man, that feels great. Do it, buddy. Do it!" Joe was leaning forward, hands braced on his knees, his butt pressed against my face as I ate out his ass. I loved it, loved sticking my tongue up into that soft, hot tube; swabbing the tender tissue; feeling the strong man with all the bulging muscles quiver helplessly. I probed him with my finger, cramming it in deep and wiggling it around inside him—just like that fucker on the bus had done to me. His ass was twitching as he bounced up and down on three fingers, his asshole grabbing at my knuckles, his prick dripping hot juice down my neck and shoulder.

"Joe, I want... Do you want...? Can I...?" Words were failing me.

"If you're trying to ask me whether I want to have your cock up my ass, the answer is yes. My ass is yours, buddy. Put it in me and pump till your balls are drained dry." He straightened up and turned his back to me. He put his left foot on the chest at the end of the bed, spreading his cheeks, baring his spit-slicked hole to my horny gaze. That ass was the hottest thing I had ever seen: the muscular cheeks dusted with short black fuzz; the cleft of his crack; the pouty lips surrounding his hole, slightly parted, welcoming invasion by my aching hard-on.

"Spit on your dick," Joe instructed, watching me over his shoulder. "Attaboy. Now, put it right up against— Oh, yeah, that's it. You know what to do." He thrust his ass back, and his hole swallowed my knob, then spit it back out. My knees damn near buckled, it felt so good. I put my hands on his narrow hips and watched as he thrust back again. This time he stayed put, his body heat flooding me through the tip of my dick.

I kept my eyes glued to the point of connection between us, watching inch after inch of my cock get gobbled up into him. When he had taken me to the hilt, he stood still for a moment, then started flexing the muscles in his ass and belly, increasing the pressure and friction on the link between us as I started to fuck him.

I stroked his back and sides, marveling at the strength and beauty of his body. I could hardly believe that this was happening, that I was really fucking a man—a big, muscular, butch, hairy-chested man. He was whimpering, his head drooping, his fists clenched as he gripped the footboard. I drew my cock out, looked at the gleaming, vein-gnarled shaft, then sank back into him until my balls bounced against his thigh. I tugged at the long silk growing on his belly, and his ass ring flexed. I twisted his tits, and the same thing happened. Ditto when I squeezed his biceps and stroked the insides of his thighs. I leaned against his sweat-streaked back, put my arms around him, and humped with wild abandon, just heartbeats away from sliding over the crest and into bliss.

I was so close, I could hardly breathe. I felt my balls tingling as they fought for space at the base of my cock. I was panting raggedly, clawing at Joe's body. I groped down between his legs, latched onto his swollen prick, and started jacking. His groans grew louder, more insistent, and every muscle in his body began to flex. His ass ring gripped me like a fist, making every thrust into him an exquisite pleasure, too perfect to last.

I drew my cock out, looked at the gleaming, vein-gnarled shaft, then sank back into him.

"I'm coming!" I screamed it out loud, as though he wouldn't have noticed otherwise. My thrusting became convulsive, out of control. I could feel the jism boiling up out of my nuts and pumping along the length of my dick. Then I was shooting, squirting my come up inside Joe's strong body. He was trembling and groaning, rubbing his belly, obviously feeling every thick, hot blast of my juice as it flowed into him.

My orgasm ended, but Joe kept on twitching and bouncing, his hands now on my ass, holding me deep inside him. I was horny again before my first load had stopped flowing. I pushed against him hard, throwing him off balance, and we fell over onto his bed. I gripped his wrists and held them above his head while I went after him a second time.

When I was ready for my third orgasm, Joe broke free of my grasp and began jerking himself off. He got off when I did, and we lay in each other's arms for a long time afterward.

"Justin, you're a natural."

"A natural what?" I asked, cuddling closer to him as I licked his armpit.

"A natural born ass fucker, buddy. You've got a dynamite piece of pipe between your legs and a real sense of rhythm." Joe chuckled and tugged on my dick.

"I did OK?"

"Something like that. You do need practice, though. Just to perfect your technique."

"Could I practice now, Joe?" He squeezed my hard-on, and it was all the answer I needed. Joe rolled onto his belly and spread his legs. I watched my bulging knob part his swollen ass lips, and I felt the heat as I sank into him up to the balls. My hips twitched, and Joe moaned softly. Being on my own wasn't so bad after all. ●

HARD MEN
DIALING FOR DICK

ONLY 49¢ PER MIN

1-800 TOP-FUCK

800-555-MENN

800-999-HUNG

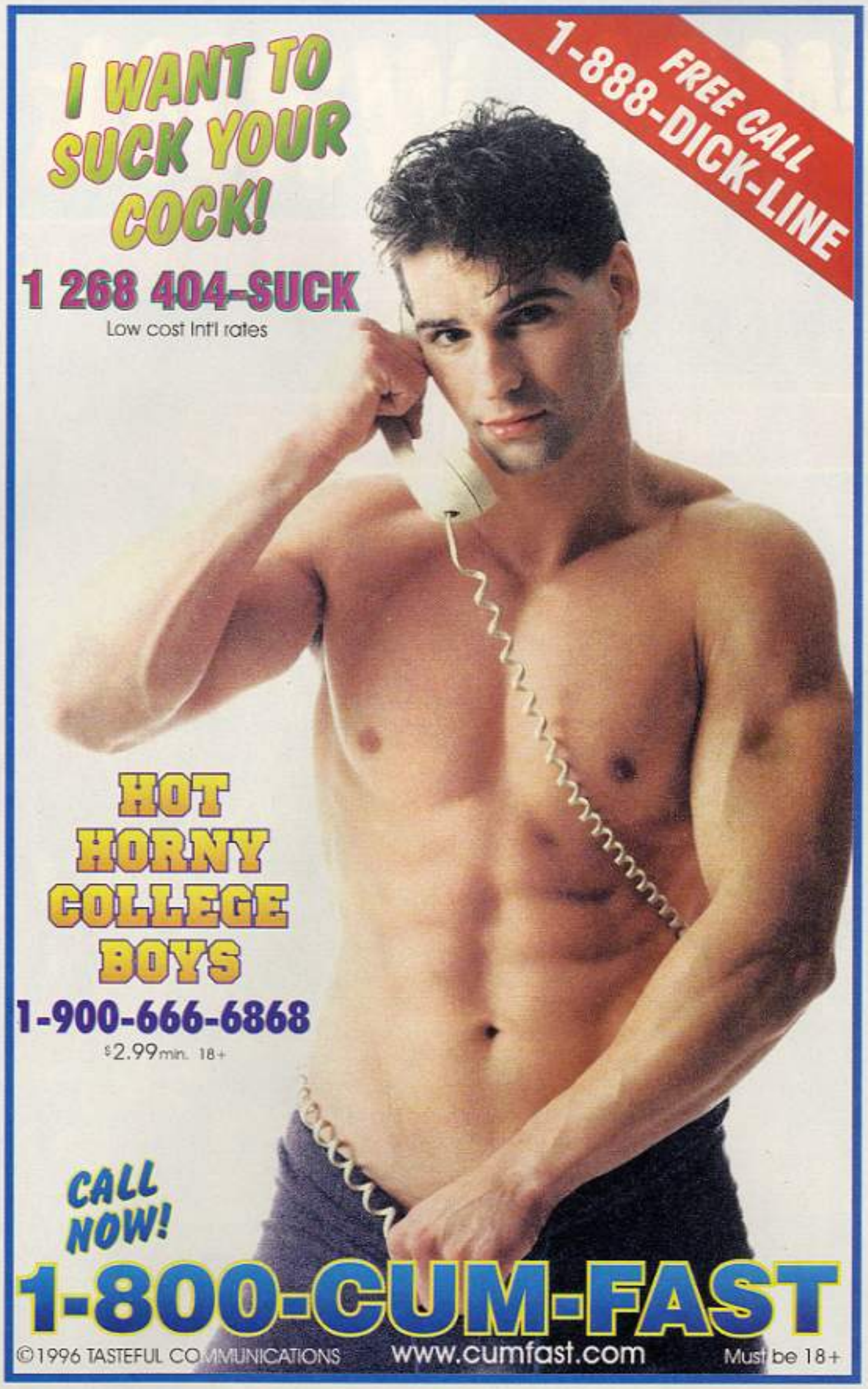
800-GET-DICK

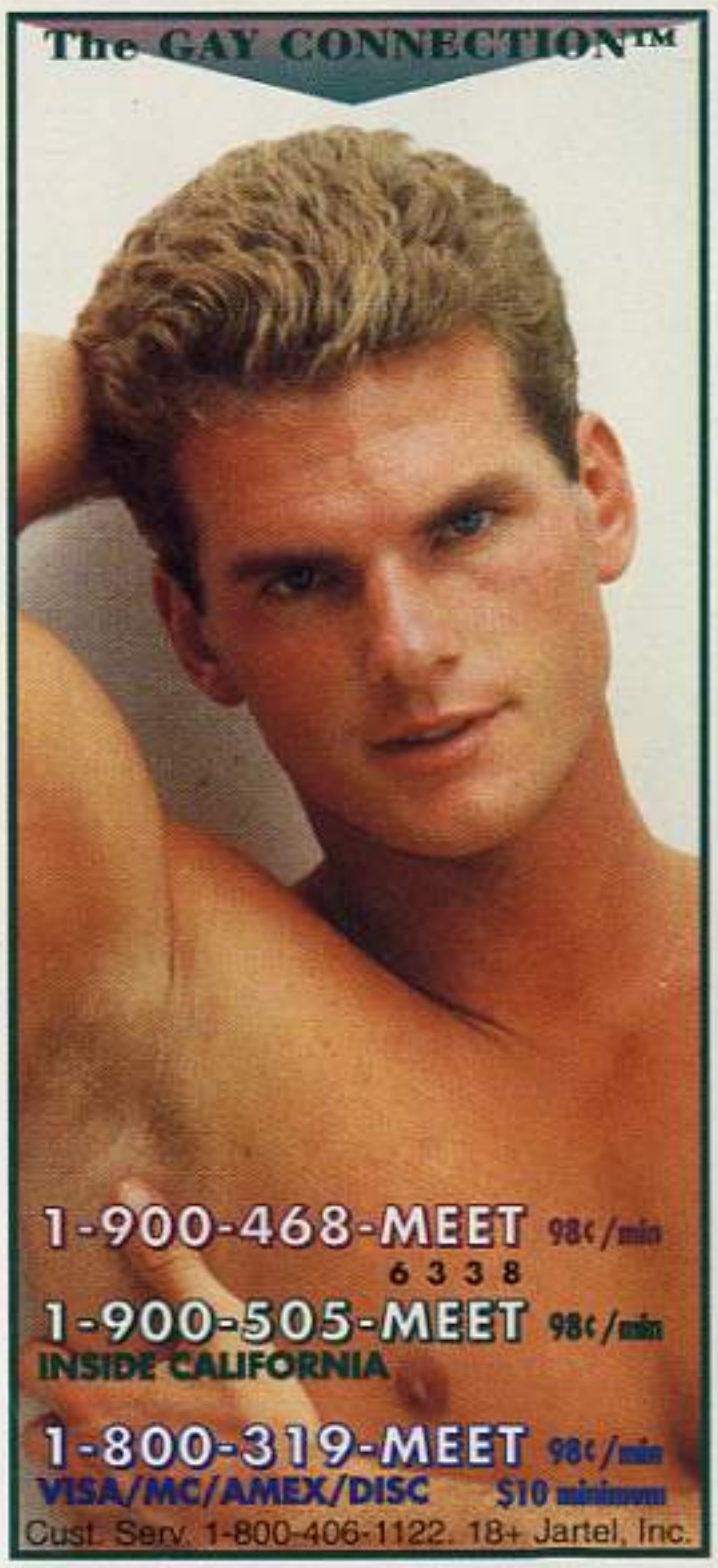
800-ANAL-BOY

800-EAT-DICK

800-USA-GUYS

VISA/MC/AMEX + $1.00 ACCESS FEE MUST BE 18





web wank

wild web sites to make you wet

www.geocities.com

Thousands of unattached gay men are coming to your house, and you don't even have to put on your pants. Welcome to the era of the Internet and the World Wide Web, wherein even technological peasants can exchange everything from political diatribes to nudie pictures with like-minded souls the world over. Gay men such as yourself can use this resource to a) hook up with other hot homosexuals or, failing that, b) take care of matters yourself. We're here to help.

A good place to start, either for creating your own Web site or just viewing others', is with a company called GeoCities, which hosts a vast network of a quarter of a million Web users. GeoCities offers free home pages and E-mail to visitors to its site at **www.geocities.com**.

Users are grouped into one of 29 "neighborhoods" based on the general content of the pages they create. In the gay "neighborhood," dubbed "West Hollywood" (to get there, add **/WestHollywood** when you type the address, then enter the "residential" district), hundreds of men, women, couples, transsexuals, and others have been given their own "addresses," from which they can speak to the world.

Here's where it interests you, *FRESHMEN* readers: Hidden within these sometimes-interesting, sometimes-not entries are many sites that provide pictures of men, both partially and fully unclothed. From television heartthrobs to stars of gay porn, there are buried treasures aplenty for the careful scavenger.

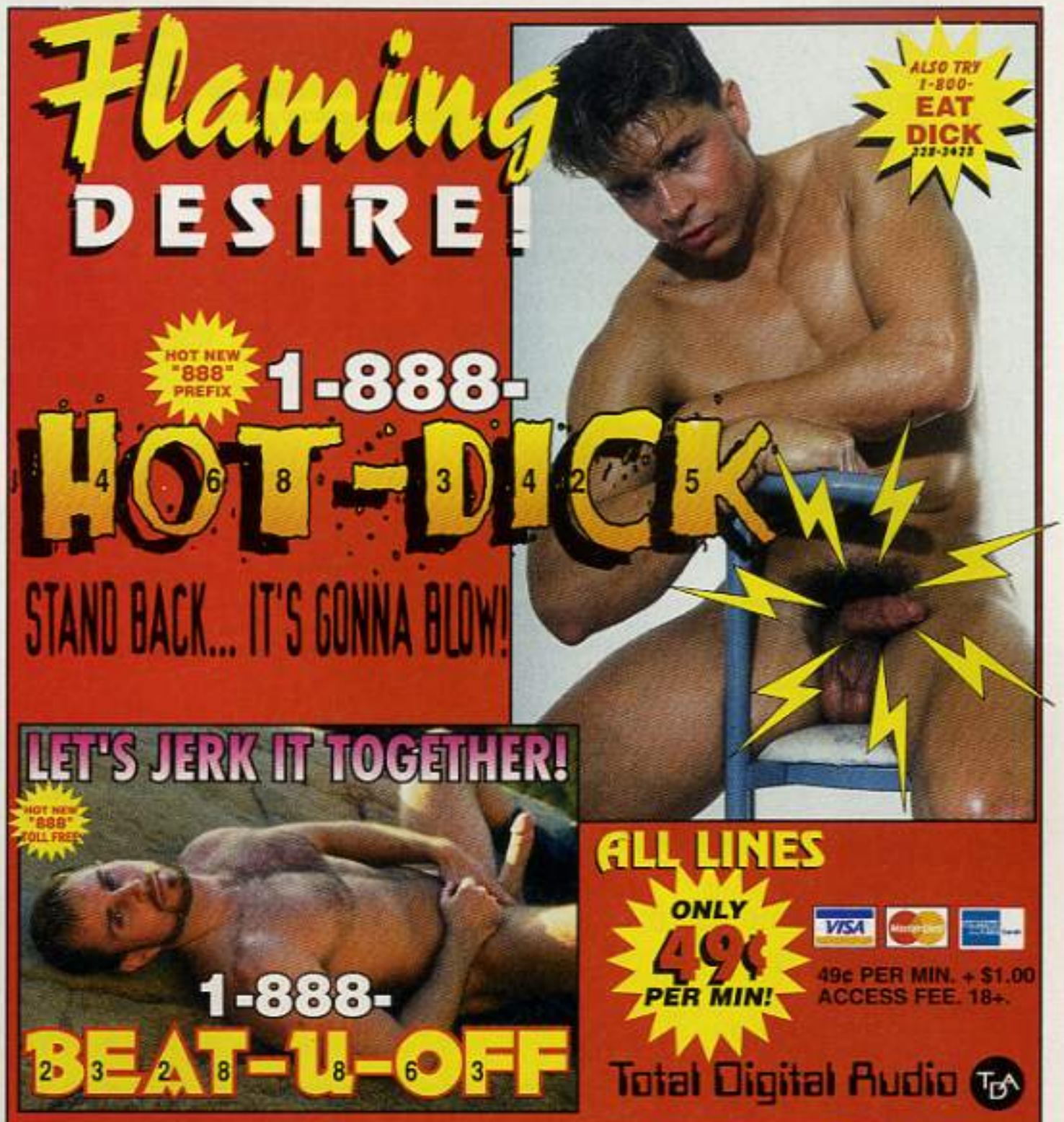
For instance, a visit to West Hollywood 4005, manned by Icki from Munich, finds shots of May 1996 *FRESHMEN* cover boy Leo Nemeth (pictured) and Bel Ami stud Johan Paulik. Q Planet, at West Hollywood 1271, can link you to major gay-smut studios and the nude dancers of Washington, D.C. At West Hollywood 1051 are shirtless shots of TV hunks such as Steve Burton and Joey Lawrence. Legendary Colt model Steve Kelso has a site (West Hollywood 1242; security code required but available on-site). Listed at 1106 (a text-only site) is the circumcision status of your favorite TV, film, or sports performer.

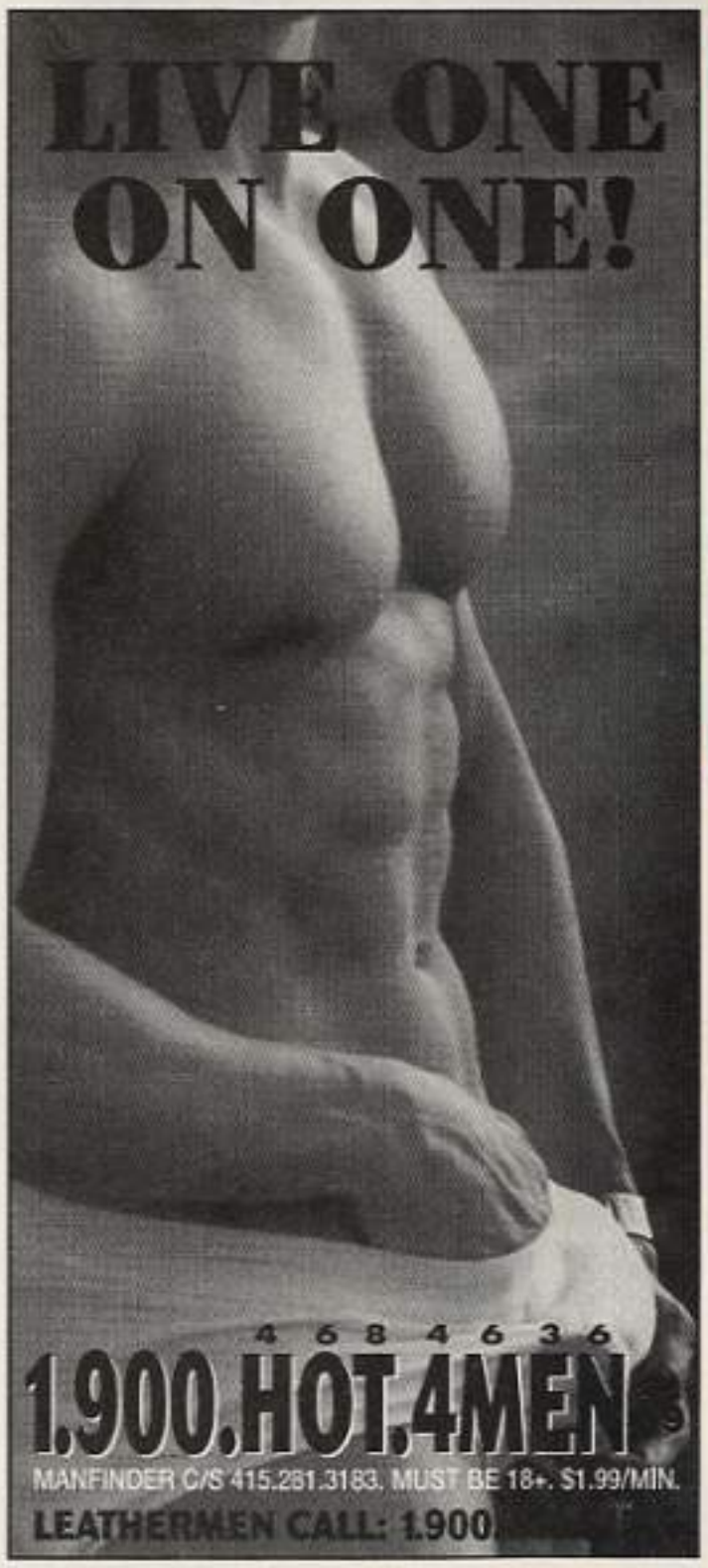
Other interesting-sounding people and places in virtual West Hollywood include the Omaha Bondage Master, the Demure Dykefish of Cyberspace, and the Transgender Play Page. Elsewhere are a lot of young gays who just want to meet people. There are surely sites within GeoCities that were not located for this brief overview, so browse around. Dig deep. Get your own page. And if you find anything good, let us know.

—Floyd Johnson

BEL AMI

MEET MEN NOW!
1.900.896.MENN
MANFINDER C/S 415.281.3183. MUST BE 18+. $1.99/MIN.


Flaming
DESIRE!
HOT NEW "888" PREFIX
1-888-
HOT-DICK
STAND BACK... IT'S GONNA BLOW!
ALSO TRY 1-800- EAT DICK
LET'S JERK IT TOGETHER!
HOT NEW "888" TOLL FREE
1-888-
BEAT-U-OFF
ALL LINES
ONLY 49¢ PER MIN!
49c PER MIN. + $1.00 ACCESS FEE. 18+.
Total Digital Audio


LIVE ONE ON ONE!
1.900.HOT.4MEN
MANFINDER C/S 415.281.3183. MUST BE 18+. $1.99/MIN.
LEATHERMEN CALL: 1.900.

LET'S PLAY ROUGH!
1-800-
600-HUNK
Think you can "show me the ropes"?
HOT NEW "888" TOLL FREE
1-888-
BOY-FUCK
SEX on the BEACH!
1-800-
HOT-MALE

MAN SCAN
All New Uncensored Gay Action!
• One-on-One
• Group Scenes
• Backroom Action
• Voice Mail By Region
• Gay Owned & Operated
011-
592-
1901
CHEAP AS LOW AS 69¢ PER MIN.
Must Be 18+ Int'l Toll Applies

Talk or Listen In
1-520-
335-
3333
PARTY LIVE WITH OTHER GAY MEN!
HOT INTERNATIONAL TALK
1-809-404-5424
WITH PRIVATE ROOMS. 18+
INTERNATIONAL LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

FREE VIDEO

60 minutes of hard-core action. Over 30 scenes from 7 different XXX all-male videos. Hollywood Sales, America's preeminent gay mail order company, is so anxious for your business we're going to give you a video absolutely FREE! For a nominal $10.00 handling fee, you'll receive your FREE video, a $10.00 off coupon towards your first purchase & a full year's catalog service featuring 100's & 100's of the finest gay videos on the market for as low as $9.95 each.

Fax orders 24 hours to:
818-255-0036
Physical Address:
13340 Saticoy St. Bldg. H
North Hollywood, CA 91605

☐ Yes! Send me Hollywood Sales Preview Video (V9998) and my $10.00 off coupon. I am enclosing $10.00 to cover shipping & handling.

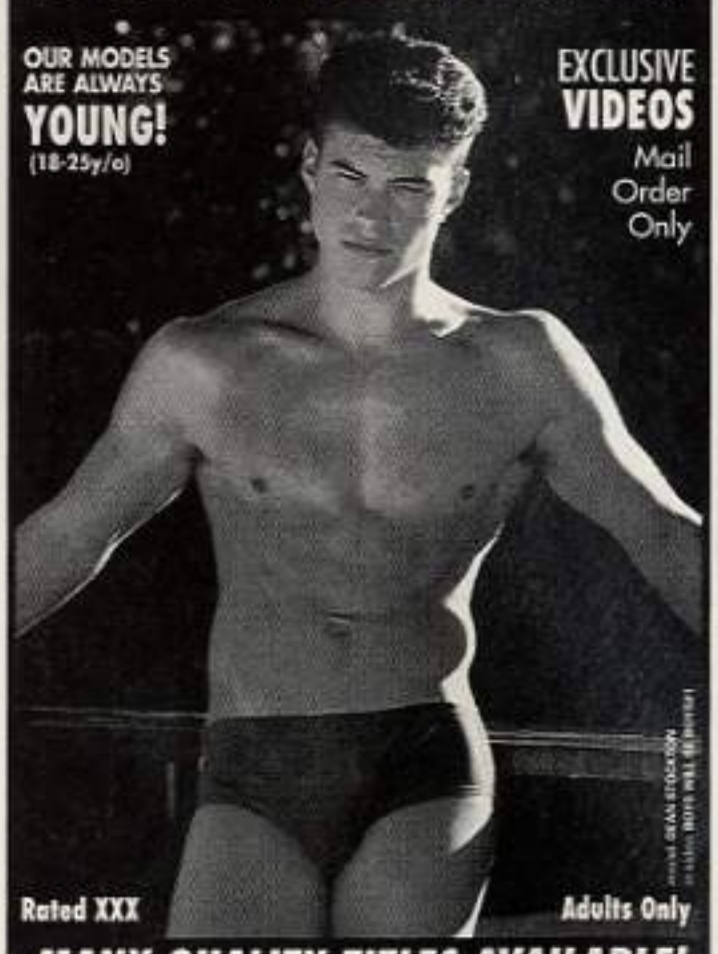
Name_____
Address_____
City, State, Zip_____
Visa/MC#_____ Exp._____
CC billing address if different from above:_____

Send • check • money order • credit card orders to:
HOLLYWOOD SALES, P.O. Box 15129,
North Hollywood, CA 91615-5129

Signature_____ D.O.B._____
I am over 21 and desire sexually explicit material. I will not show to minors. Dept.F0397

Junior STUDIO

In Business Since 1991



MANY QUALITY TITLES AVAILABLE!

BROCHURES GET ON OUR MAILING LIST.
Send **$10.** Check or Money Order Only!

You will receive a $10.00 coupon good for any future purchase.

MUST STATE YOU ARE OVER 21 AND SIGN.
Fax: 1-213-656-5428
Email: jrinfo@juniorstudio.com
VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT: **www.juniorstudio.com**
Post Office Box 46599, Los Angeles, CA. 90046

CERTIFICATE OF COMPLIANCE: ALL PERSONS DEPICTED HEREIN WERE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE AT THE TIME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHY. PROOF ON FILE. The records required by Section 2257 of Title 18, U.S.C., with respect to the graphical material are kept by the custodian of records, Richard Morgan, at the following location: JUNIOR STUDIO, 1125 North Formosa Avenue, Suite 201, Los Angeles CA, 90046 (SINCOMICS)

Mercury Mail Order
CATALOGUE

For your copy of our latest
Value-Packed Catalogue
Send **$5** along with your
Name, Address and Zip to:

Mercury Mail Order
4084 18th Street Dept. A
San Francisco, CA 94114

Just one of the many items offered in our 32-page catalogue!

©1994 Mercury Mail Order

ADVOCATE Classifieds

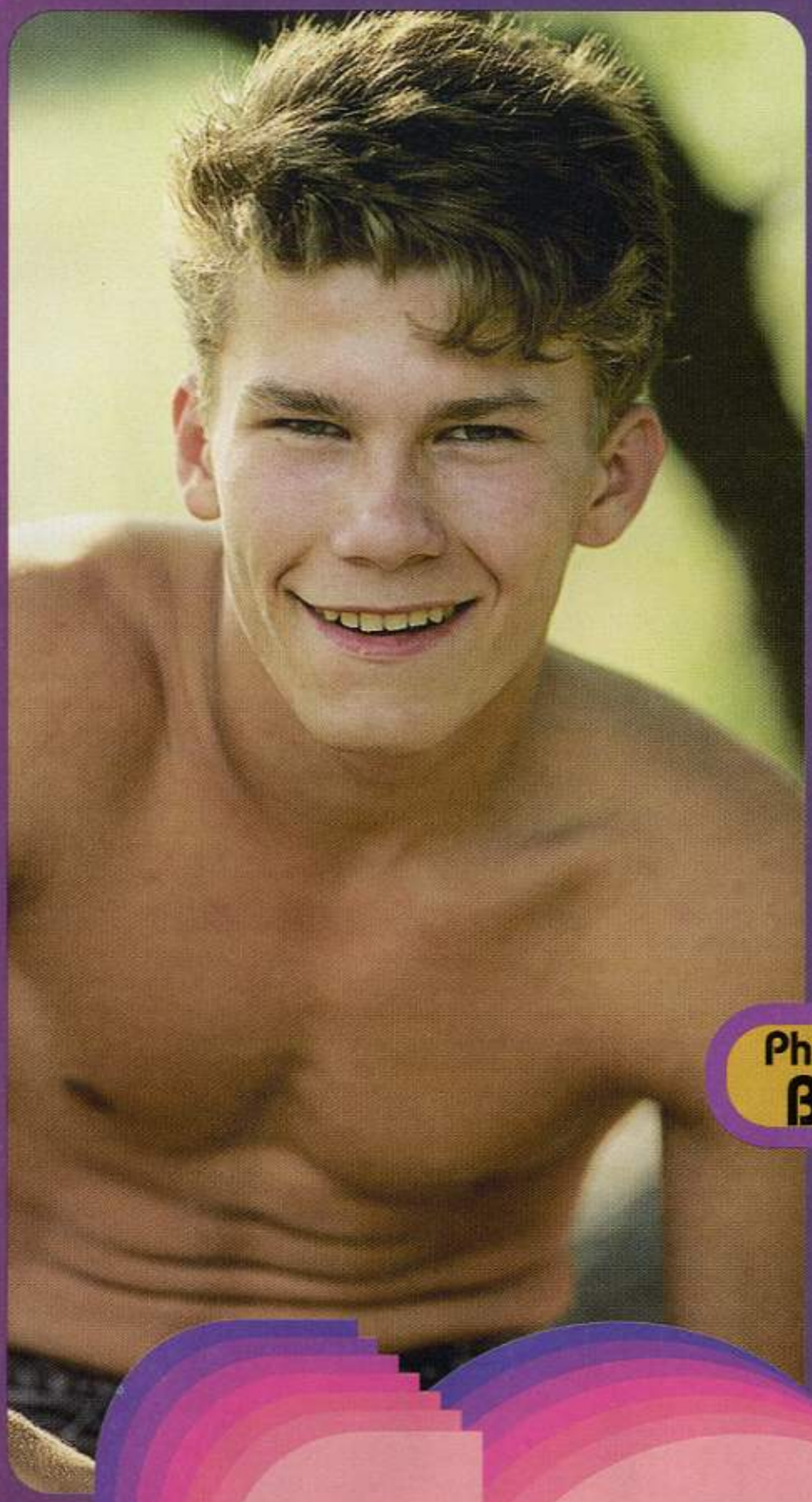
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

For subscriptions, renewals, gift subscriptions, back issues, or address changes, call toll-free

(800) 827-0561

Mon.–Fri. 7:30 a.m.–10 p.m.
Central time
VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

Subscription offers are not available to persons under the age of eighteen (18) years. By ordering a subscription, you are representing that you are in fact eighteen (18) years or older.



reader requests

"July 1993 cover model Kip Lang was one of your all-time best. Are there any more photos of this fabulous guy you can share with us?"

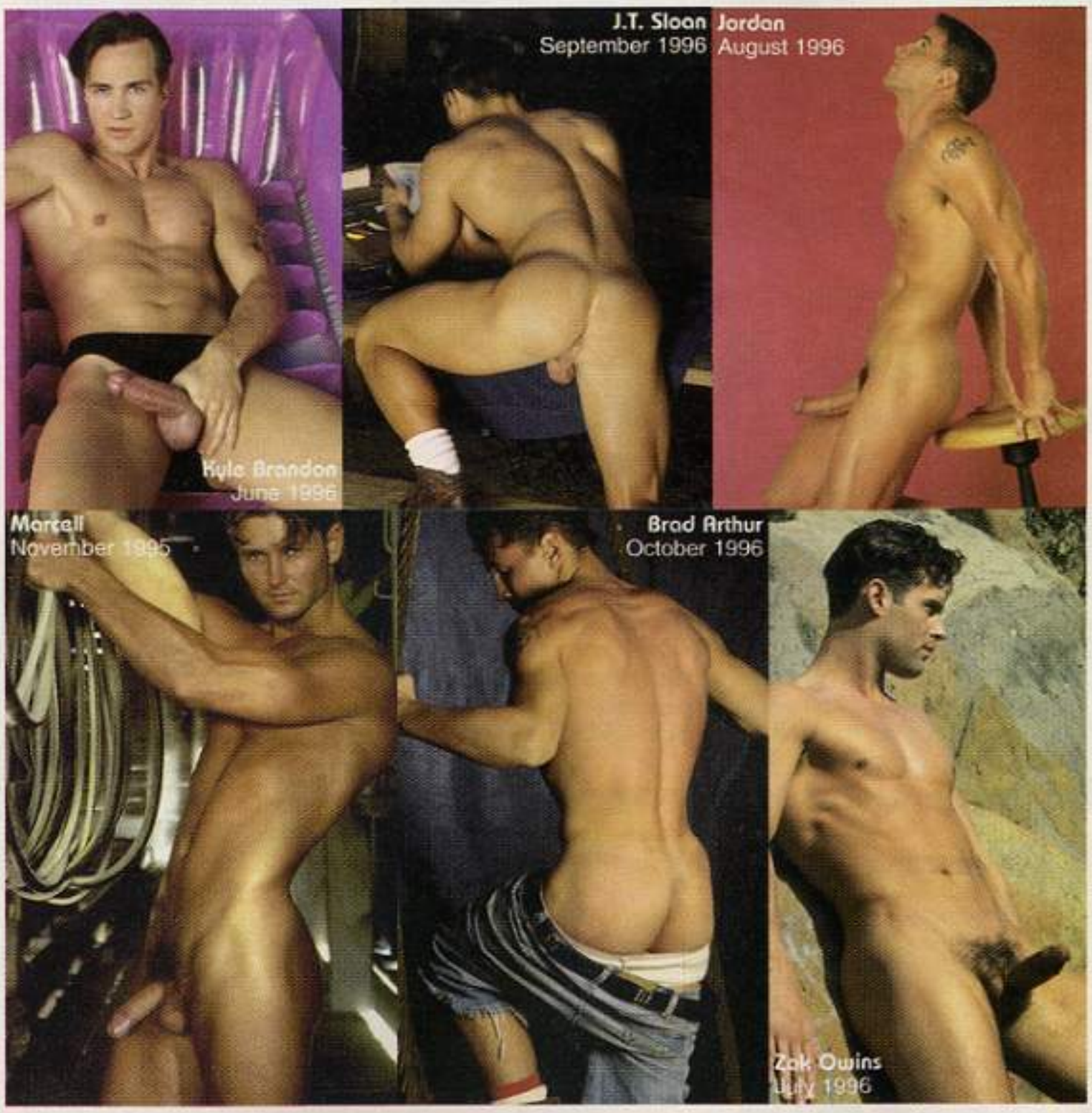
T.R.,
Santa Ana, Calif.

Photography: Bel Ami

kip lang

hunt

freshmen



__ **July 1993** (9307) Models: Kip Lang, Jared Collins, Nathan Rocco, Cory Slater — Major Meat Cliff Parker

__ **July 1995** (9507) Models: Sebastian, Martin Valko, Tad McCormic, Willie Ridgeston — Major Meat Hunter Scott

__ **August 1995** (9508) Models: Bash McKenzie, Andrew Valentino, Joey Carr, Luke, — Major Meat: Rick Drake

__ **November 1995** (9511) Models: Marcell, Randy, Jerry Robinson, Kamil Kraus — Major Meat: York Powers

__ **June 1996** (9606) Models: Brett Winters, Kyle Brandon, Mick Steele, Grant Fagan — Major Meat: Max Grand

__ **July 1996** (9607) Models: Sky Thompson, Zak Owins, Ion Davidov, Paul Marsden — Major Meat: RyanWagner

__ **August 1996** (9608) Models: Jordan, Alex Steel, Troy Masters, Dan Antal — Major Meat: J.T. Sloan

__ **September 1996** (9609) Models: Rick Woods, Chris Tyler, J.T. Sloan, Joshua Jordan — Major Meat: RyanBlock

__ **October 1996** (9610) Models: Dylan Billy Ray Fox, Steve Kavla, Brad Arthur — Major Meat: Steve O'Donnell

__ **November 1996** (9611) Models: Chris Yeager, Alex Sergey, Andrey, Tom, Chad Donovan— Major Meat: Bryan Kidd

__ **December 1996** (9612) Models: Serkan Altan, Ezra, Mack Reynolds, Peter— Major Meat: Cole Youngblood

__ **January 1997** (9701) Models: Rick Chase, Todd Stevens, Ethan Parks, Rock Hardon

__ **February 1997** (9702) Models: David Villanova, Tony, TY Russell, Alexander Strauss

BACK ISSUES

Please send me the following back issues in the quantities indicated at right:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed Bill my ☐ Visa Mas☐card

Expires _____ Card# _____

Signature _____

This offer is not available to persons under the age of eighteen (18) years. By ordering a back issue, you representing that you are in fact eighteen (18) years of age or older.

Total # of Copies_____ @ $5.95each = _____

Postage $2.00 first copy, $.65 ea. addt'l. copy _____

Subtotal _____

CA residents add 8.25% sales tax _____

Grand Total _____

Note: Outside U.S., postage $3.00 first copy, $0.65 ea. addt'l copy. Only U.S. funds accepted.

For faster service call 1-800-827-0561

Mail Order to:

freshmen

P.O. Box 603 • Mt. Morris, IL 60154-0603

STUD ★ FINDER

LIVE SEX!

Cruise for Men
Voice Mail
Bulletin Boards
Party Rooms

1-268 404-4411

"Low cost-NO Premium charges"
Only your reg. Int'l long distance apply.

PENIS & NIPPLE ENLARGEMENT

DR. JOEL KAPLAN

- ✔ Professional Vacuum Pumps
- ✔ Instruction.
- ✔ Resolve Impotence
- ✔ Gain Size Permanently and Safely
- ✔ Surgical or Non Surgical
- ✔ Gain 1" to 3"
- ✔ Electric or Manual Systems

1-312-409-4030
Free Brochures and Pictures

1-900-976-PUMP
Latest Enlargement Info.
$2.95/Min.

USMC & USN

The Naval Network is the largest club for men who prefer Marines and sailors. Reveals secrets of meeting, private videos/photo sets, classifieds, parties and more!

Info: $3 to JP/NN, P.O. Box 1270F Searchlight, NV 89046.

GUYS MEET GUYS LIVE! at the BOYS CLUB

MUST BE 18+
NO CALLER REFUSED
10,000+ CALLS DAILY

1-268-404-4913

HOT NUMBERS
24-Hour Live Phone Fantasies &More
213-464-3600
Now in our 12th Year at our original price!
Major credit cards
Visit our new website
www.hotnumbers.com

Wanna Play?

For A REAL Good Time Call... LIVE!

XXX UNCENSORED GAY HOTLINE!

011-582-399-0401

011-683-9352

www.ask4boys.com

1 on 1

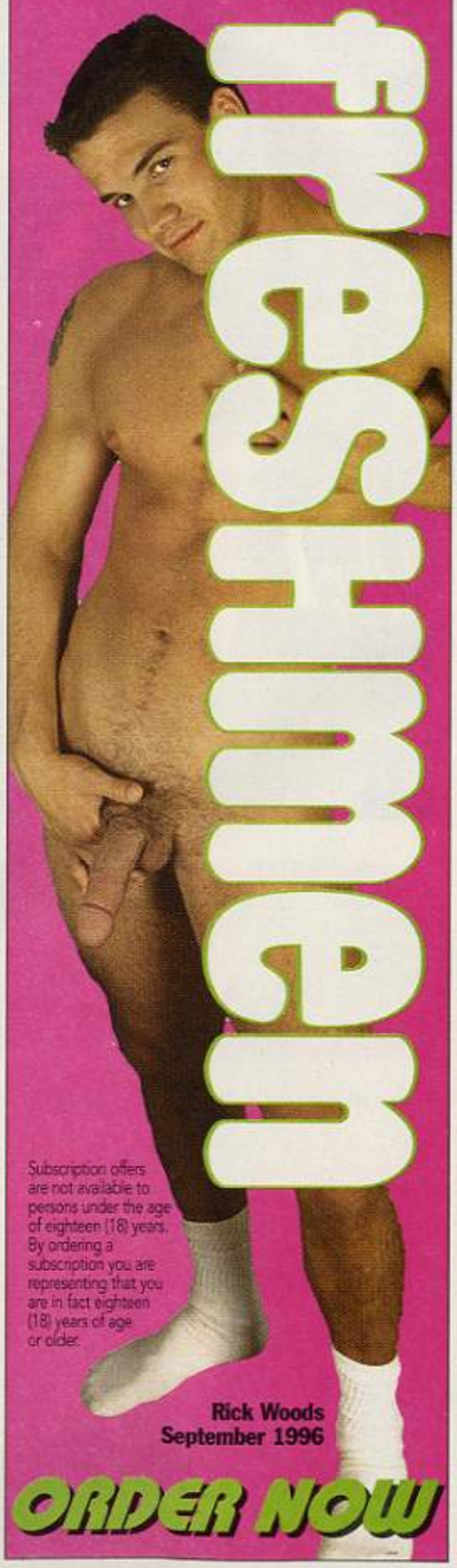
1.914.346.1700

subscriber service

For subscriptions, renewals, gift subscriptions, back issues, or address changes, call toll-free

(800) 827-0561

Monday–Friday, 7:30 a.m.–10 p.m. Central time
VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED



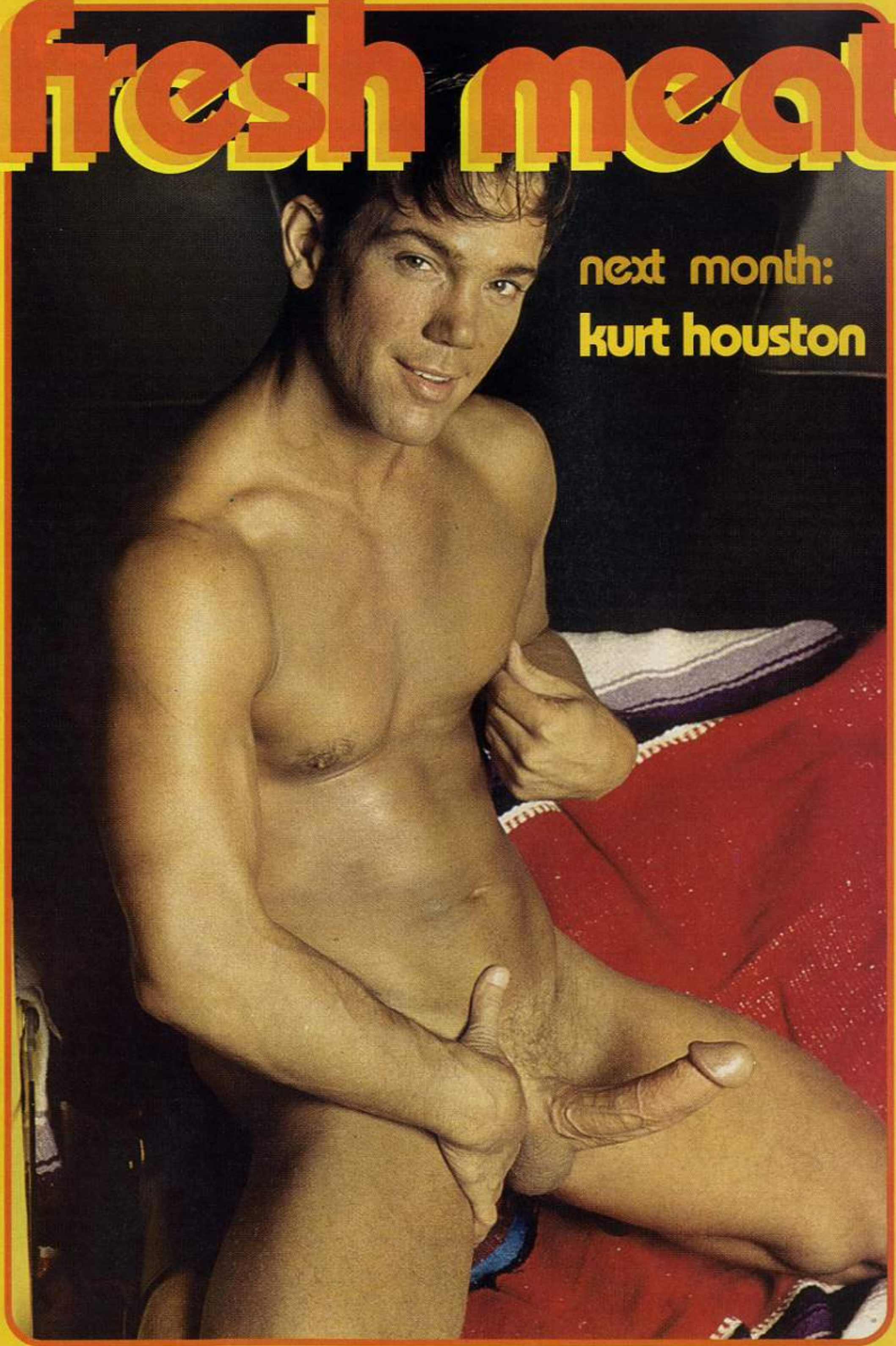
FRESH MEAT

Subscription offers are not available to persons under the age of eighteen (18) years. By ordering a subscription you are representing that you are in fact eighteen (18) years of age or older.

Rick Woods
September 1996

ORDER NOW

fresh meat

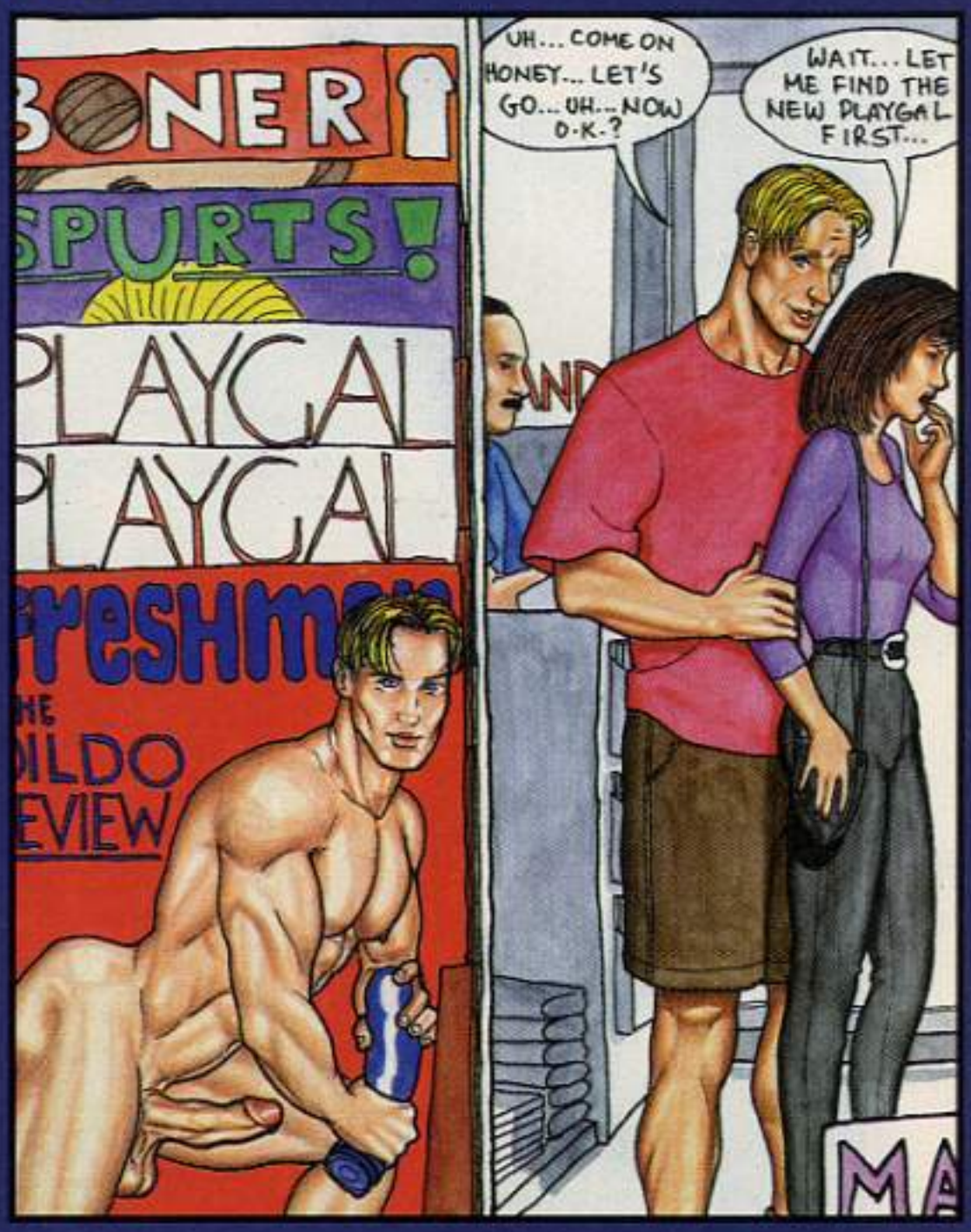


next month:
kurt houston

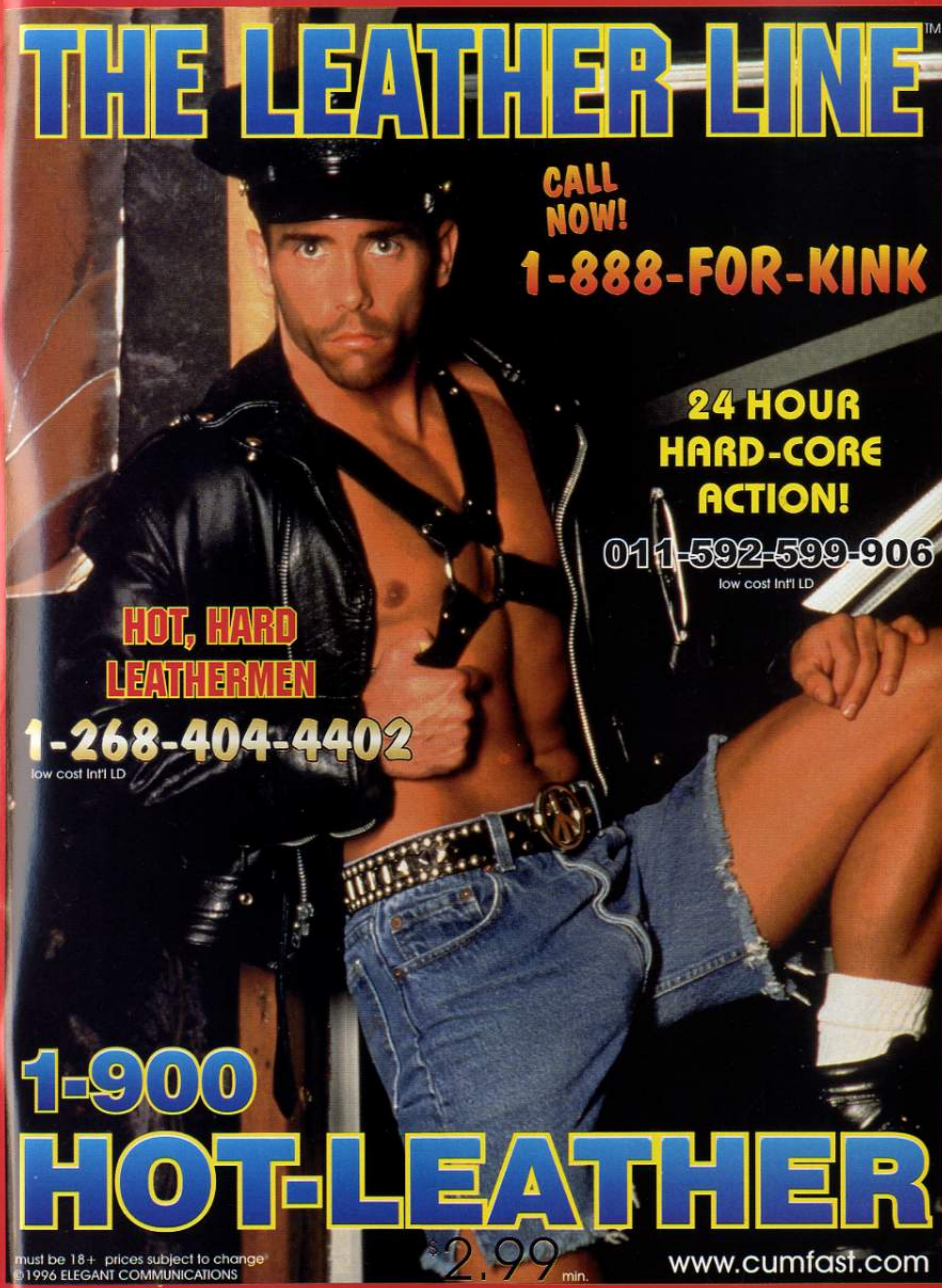
straight boys in trouble

by ali

I'M SO GLAD YOU GUYS HAD SUCH A GOOD DAY ALONE TOGETHER WHILE MOM AND I WENT SHOPPING. NOW MY FIANCÉ'S PART OF THE FAMILY! LET ME CALL MOM'S ROOM AND SEE IF SHE AND DAD ARE READY FOR DINNER.
YUP. ME AND YOUR LITTLE BRO GET ALONG JUST FINE!



THE LEATHER LINE™



1-900 HOT-LEATHER

*2.99 min.

www.cumfast.com

must be 18+ prices subject to change
©1996 ELEGANT COMMUNICATIONS

HOT, HORNY COLLEGE BOYS

1 900 LOVE-BOYS

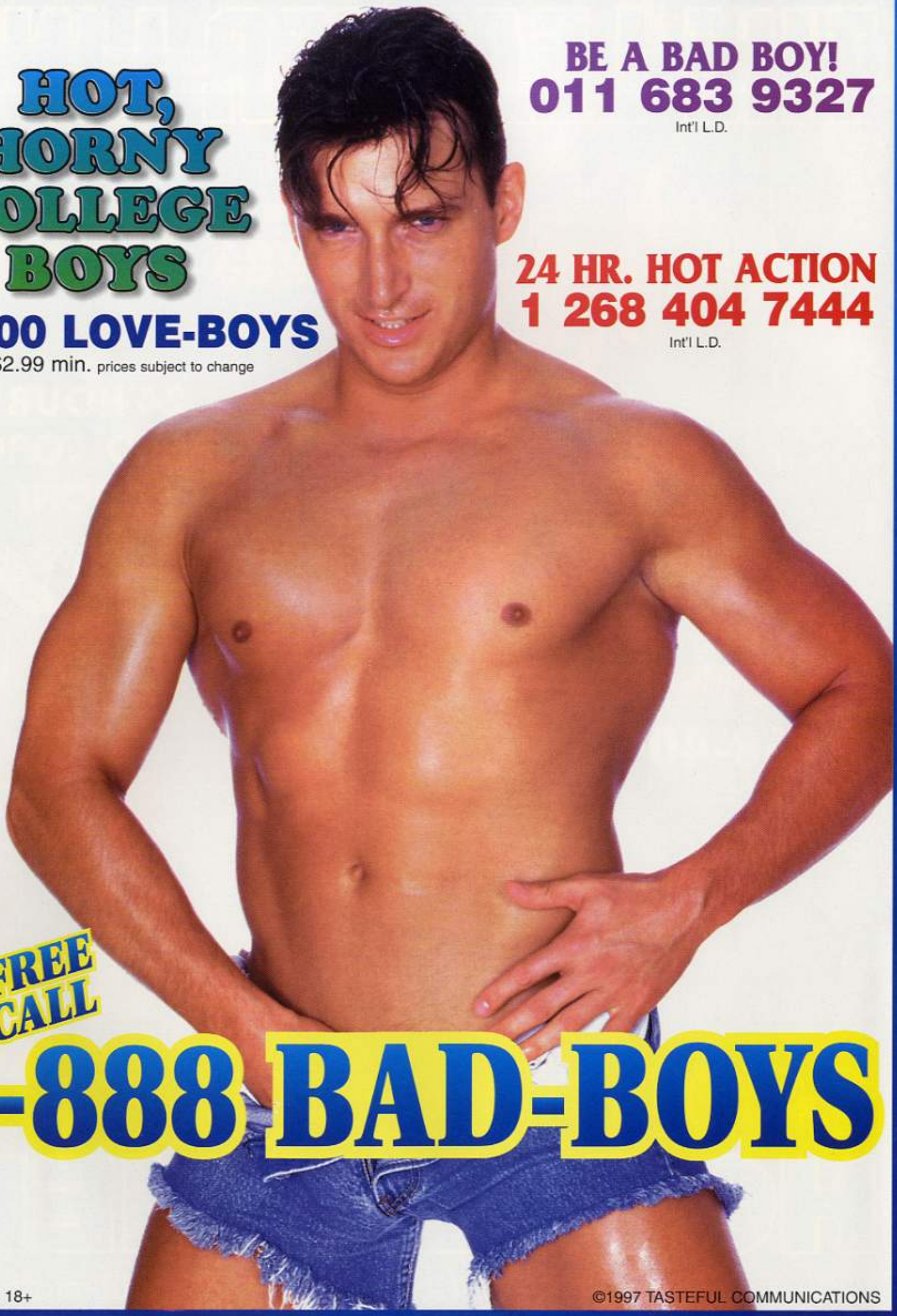
$2.99 min. prices subject to change

BE A BAD BOY!
011 683 9327

Int'l L.D.

24 HR. HOT ACTION
1 268 404 7444

Int'l L.D.



FREE CALL

1-888 BAD-BOYS

MUST BE 18+

©1997 TASTEFUL COMMUNICATIONS